

CHEETAL

Journal of

Wild Life Preservation Society of India



VOL. 6

OCTOBER, 1963

NO. 1

Wild Life Preservation Society of India.

I. The aims and objects of the Society are as follows:

- (a) To promote interest in the preservation and conservation of all forms of animal life among the youth of the country.
- (b) To assist in enforcing the game and arms rules and to bring to the notice of the authorities any infringements of the same.
- (c) To advise and help Government and the District authorities in the formation, maintenance and protection of Sanctuaries and National Parks.
- (d) To raise funds for the carrying out of the above aims and objects.
- (e) To carry on any other activities which will serve the above objectives, including publicity and propaganda and the issue of a journal.
- (f) To assist members of the Society in obtaining shooting and fishing facilities and facilities for viewing and photographing wild life etc.

II. The Society has, upto date:—(31-3-63).

Patrons	...	17	Educational members	...	20
Life members	...	57	Professional members	...	39
Ordinary members	...	157	Honorary members	...	9
Institutional members	...	5	Student members	...	121
Affiliated members	...	8	Family Members	...	2

Total Membership is 435.

The Society's funds stand, so far, at Rs. 6,130.64

III. Office Bearers and Members of the Executive Committee.

President:—His Highness The Maharaja of Nabha.

Executive Vice-President:—Shri S. S. Negi.

Vice-Presidents:—Shri R. L. Holdsworth.

Dr. Bains Prashad.

S. Ranbir Singh.

His Highness the Maharaja of Kotah.

Shri T. N. Srivastava.

Officiating Hony. Secretary:—Dr. R. N. Misra.

Asstt. Hony. Secretary:—Shri S. K. Sangal.

Hony. Treasurer:—Dr. R. N. Misra.

Members:—

- | | |
|---|-----------------------------------|
| 1. Shri T. S. Negi. | 14. Shri H. K. Dang |
| 2. Sodhi Kartar Singh Sahib | 15. Capt. Reginald Sawhney |
| 3. Shri Tej Bahadur Singh | 16. Col. M. L. Mehta |
| 4. Sardar Rajdev Singh | 17. Shri P. D. Stracey |
| 5. Shri Narendra Singh | 18. Dr. M. B. Lal |
| 6. Mr. E. G. Mainwaring | 19. Shri Padam Bahadur Singh |
| 7. Sardar Ujjal Singh | 20. Mr. V. J. Binney |
| 8. Brig. Gambhir Singh | 21. Shri Parshan Lal |
| 9. Col. C. W. Adams | 22. S. Balbir Singh |
| 10. Dr. R. S. Gupta | 23. S. Raghbir Singh Sandhanwalia |
| 11. Dr. S. L. Goyal | 24. S. Vivek Singh Majithia |
| 12. Secy. Wild Life Club, F.R.I. & Colleges | 25. Shri K. S. Srivastava |
| 13. The Secy, The Shikar Club, I.M.A. | |

Ex-Officio Members.

Chief Wild Life Warden, U.P., Lucknow.

Wild Life Warden, Western Region, U.P.

D.F.O., Dehra Dun.

D.F.O., Saharanpur Division, Dehra Dun.

District Magistrate, Dehra Dun.

Superintendent Police, Dehra Dun.

Sub-Committees.

- (1) Wild Life Legislation
- (2) Publicity

- (3) Education and Propaganda
- (4) Fishing.

Postal Address:

Astley Hall, Dehra Dun,

Wild Life Preservation Society of India

Vol. VI

October, 1963

No. 1

Ourselves

In the last issue of *The Cheetal* we had been goaded by a shocking revelation of the methods employed by some commercial Shikar Companies, into regretting the lack of any centralised Wild Life legislation valid throughout India. Since then, Parliament has enacted the formation of a centralised Forest Service cadre, after the pattern of other All-India Services. This is an event of happy augury for wild life, as for the Forest Administration of the country, for, the rationalisation of the latter that is bound to follow will make the enactment of All-India wild life legislation much more feasible.

From an objective point of view centralisation is desirable in most spheres of Indian affairs, but the Democratic process imposes certain limitations which we must accept gracefully, while realising their inherent dangers. Forests are undeniably a State Subject in the Constitution, and their revenues will have to be credited to the States. But this should not prevent the centralised Forest Service, which we hope will be a worthy successor of the old Imperial Forest Service, both in the character of its personnel and the efficiency of its organisation, from imposing upon forest-exploitation in India certain standardised rules and minimal ideals. This must be done, even at the risk of discountenancing the State Administrations which might like to sacrifice long-term needs to political expediency and the immediate need of increased forest revenue; a sacrifice all-too common in any democratic political system, and much more so in our own. We will follow the changes with much hope and interest.

Elsewhere, we publish the speeches of our President and Senior Executive Vice-President on the occasion of the 5th A.G.M. of The Society, in which they make a very good case for The Society. We feel there is little need to emphasise their arguments further, except to add to their plea of disinterested devotion to a worthy cause, the thought that Man

does not live by bread alone, and that part of him which needs mountains and forests and rivers, and the wild things that move and live in them, is the most precious and noble.

It is not by justifying ourselves in striking phrases, however, that we shall convince others of our bona fides and benefits, but by the manner in which we act; it is upto each of us to remember that one member of The Society who breaks a rule is worse than a hundred poachers, for he pollutes the waters, and undermines the confidence of the public to whom we must appeal, and of the government departments who are potentially our strongest allies. During a prolonged tour with rifle, camera and fishing-gear all over India last year, we came across a most depressing cynicism amongst knowledgeable people about the integrity of our members, and no friend of The Society, we are sure, would ever give grounds for such doubts.

As this goes to the Press, we are informed by one of our Vice-Presidents that The Cheetal has tentatively been granted some financial assistance by the Government of India. This is welcome news, indeed, for we have been facing a ruinous deficit each year, forcing us to curtail its size. Should this grant materialise finally and on a recurring basis, and should our drive for the expansion of the membership succeed, as it shows every signs of doing, we might well consider ourselves out of the woods which threaten all new ventures like ours. Much of the credit for maintaining the standard of excellence of The Cheetal which led to our being considered worthy of this Government grant, restricted to learned Journals, goes to Mr. R. L. Holdsworth, who nursed us through our infancy. He is now cultivating Himalayan Alpines in the depths of the Somerest County in Britain, where he is reputed to have built himself, single-handed and without the help of even a 'mali', an Eiger Nord-Wand with over a hundred primulas in blossom—a distinct improvement on the bleak Eiger of the Alps, we are sure!

Though The Cheetal will be the poorer for his absence, and the proofs no longer have his cherished pipes smoked at them, we do hope he will continue to contribute, while we try to fill his generous place with the meagre fervour of our own briars.

Editorial Notes

The Orissa Dragnet

One of our personal friends writes from the Kond Country of Orissa; "The Konds are just now in a bad way. There is no rice in the whole area, and they are living on roots and leaves from the forests. What has this Government actually done for them? Nothing! Big promises which lose themselves in paper and people's pockets.....and people are starving, the Konds are suffering but remain helpless, while you talk of your precious wild life and your aesthetic joys. I have been roaming their 'bastis' for the last three months, doing what I could, but there were times when I dared not cook my plain rice; nearby, my beloved Konds lay starving. How can you people in the cities of India sleep nights, while your own people starve. How can you lay down that Konds must give up their blood-thirsty 'hakas' after meat-animals, when you do not know what it is to go hungry and have to rely on forest-animals, and roots for your life? How can you spend your time climbing Mount Everest when these other Everests wait for your attention, cry in vain for the help of India's educated classes? I despair"

We have quoted at length, for we feel this is our problem. Last year we attended a tribal 'haka' in which every Kond in the area turned out with weapons ranging from spears and bows-and-arrows to rusty match-locks and smooth D.B.B.Ls. The bag was 3 pigs, 7 Cheetal, 2 Sambhar and a Kakar. It was an understandable gruesome event for a conservationist, and we aired our views before our friend, who happens not to be an Indian, in no stinted phrases. And yet, now second thoughts weaken the edge of conviction. Wild Life problems in India must remain connected with general food shortages and economic problems. Now the dragnet 'haka' begins again, and it seems too callous to condemn it without offering some alternative resource to the stricken Konds, those fine jungle people (cousins of the Gonds and other Central Indian tribes) immortalised by Kipling and Dr. Verrier Elwin and Arne Sücksdorf. We offer up our prayers for a wiser and more efficient dispensation in our political life, where alone such decisions are taken.

Commercialised Shikar

An Editor's lot is not a happy one. When not inventing ingenious excuses with which to confront the impatient printers reminding us of the deadline, we run up against the many-sided nature of truth. Where Shikar stories are concerned, we do not stint the measure of salt, but there are times when sides must be taken. In response to our publication of an excerpt from the B.N.H.S. Journal of Mr. Hugh Allen's account of the Ruark Incident, the

Respondent, Mr. Allen's colleague, Mr. Jamshed Butt, has sent us an astringent denial. Mr. Butt accuses Mr. Ruark and Mr. Allen of having sat-up for a panther on an ill-concealed machan in a drunken state and of having eventually shot at it on the way home from a jeep. He calls Mr. Allen's account a fabrication, and its author various questionable names. Much as we wish to avert needless controversy, it does strike us as odd, as Mr. Butt points out, that Mr. Ruark should not have ascertained that the panther he was asked to shoot (in Mr. Allen's version) was, indeed, a dead one. There, however, we must part company with Mr. Butt, for this minor detail does not seem to effect the veracity of Mr. Hugh Allen's version in any substantial way, and we feel justified in letting the matter rest there.

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Bombing of Fish

This time it is the dynamite/explosive intended for use in the construction of the dam on the Jumna (Yamuna) at Dakpathar that is finding its way into the pools of the Tons and the Jumna. We spoke to a thoroughly disreputable village acquaintance the other day who had brought us a hunk of fried Mahaseer; his eyes glowed as he described the spout of water which rose after the explosion, and of the fish that floated, stunned, on the surface. We could easily have twisted his neck, but had to content ourselves with gaining a vague idea of the persons who are permitting the side-tracking of the explosive, and a not-entirely vain sermon to the erring simpleton. The Engineer of the Project is reputedly a conscientious person and we hope he will respond to our letter by tightening up on the explosives.

From Uttarakashi we get the disturbing news that truck-drivers have started tossing lemonade-bottle-bombs into fish-rich pools of the river by the road-side while the passengers rest or the cleaners re-fill the radiator-water. This news, if true, is quite shocking. Perhaps some members with greater knowledge would let us know the facts.

* * * * *

Mountain Fauna

With increased military and road-building activity in the high mountain regions, it becomes imperative to stress the precarious position of our mountain fauna. The news from these areas is alarming, and heads of Ghooral, Burrhel, Thar, and the pelts of these animals and Red and Black Bear and snow-leopard are pouring into taxidermists' shops and furriers' increasingly.

We would be the last to discourage our service personnel from the fine sport of mountain-hunting, but if rules of legitimacy and good sport are not observed, the finest mountains on this planet will lose the finest wild life on earth. Can we expect senior services officers,

some of whom have set such admirable examples for all of us, to inculcate respect for game laws amongst their subordinates ?

Apart from the observance of regulations, it is becoming increasingly obvious that high altitude animals and birds cannot cope with intensive hunting. Even if the bored subaltern or frustrated jawan perched high up on a picket can be persuaded to observe rules where no sort of check is possible, despite all the temptations of good food, the productive capacity of all forms of life in those cold-temperate regions will not be able to replace the losses through keen legitimate sport. Protection will have to be afforded, thus spotlighting the need for a system of wilderness reserves in the Himalaya. As a first step, certain non-strategic valleys might profitably be declared sanctuaries, though precautions would have to be taken to ensure their not deteriorating into 'paper sanctuaries' only.

Much more work will have to be done on the ecological and plant-animal relationships of high altitudes before a rational programme can be drawn up. There seems to be rich scope for professional researchers in these areas.

Though we are not a little proud of the Cheetal, the feeling persists that our coverage is too closely concentrated upon the Doon and neighbouring regions. If members from other less-known parts of the country would write in, the Society would gain much by the broadening of experience on which its decisions and activities are based. We will welcome contributions from our members and readers, as also any correspondence that might put us in touch with other enthusiasts who have somehow escaped our attention.

Silence

(We publish this article by kind courtesy of The Canadian Audubon, and as a corrective to our own propensity for the 'holier-than-thou' attitude which constantly congratulates itself on being highly 'spiritual', denying other, more advanced nations their deserved credit for appreciation of non-material values....Ed.)

It was before dawn, that period of hush before the birds had begun to sing. The lake was breathing softly as in sleep; rising and falling, it seemed to me to absorb like a great sponge all the sounds of the earth. It was a time of quiet—no wind rustling the leaves, no lapping of the water, no calling of animals or birds. But I listened just the same, straining with all my faculties toward something—I knew not what—trying to catch the meanings that were there in that moment before the lifting of the dark.

Standing there alone, I felt alive, more aware and receptive than ever before. A shout or a movement would have destroyed the spell. This was a time for silence, for being in

pace with ancient rhythms and timelessness, the breathing of the lake, the slow growth of living things. Here the cosmos could be felt and the true meaning of attunement.

I once climbed a great ridge called Robinson Peak to watch the sunset and to get a view of the lakes and rivers below, the rugged hills and valleys of the Quetico-Superior. When I reached the bald knob of the peak the sun was just above the horizon, a flaming ball ready to drop into the dusk below. Far beneath me on a point of pines reaching into the lake was the white inverted V of my tent. It looked very tiny down there where it was almost night.

As I watched and listened, I became conscious of the slow, steady hum of millions of insects and through it the calling of the white-throats and the violin notes of the hermit thrushes. But it all seemed very vague from that height and very far away, and gradually they merged one with another, blending in a great enveloping softness of sound no louder, it it seemed, than my breathing.

The sun was trembling now on the edge of the ridge. It was alive, almost fluid and pulsating, and as I watched it sink I thought that I could feel the earth turning from it, actually feel its rotation. Over all was the silence of the wilderness, that sense of oneness which comes only when there are no distracting sights or sounds, when we listen with inward eyes, when we feel and are aware with our entire beings rather than our senses. I thought as I sat there of the ancient admonition "Be still and know that I am God" and knew that without stillness there can be no knowing, without divorcement from outside influences man cannot know what spirit means.

One winter night I stood and listened beneath the stars. It was cold, perhaps twenty below, and I was on a lake deep in the wilds. The stars were close that night, so close they almost blazed, and the Milky Way was a brilliant luminous splash across the heavens. An owl hooted sombrely in the timber of the dark shores, a sound that accentuated the quiet on the open lake. Here again was the silence, and I thought how rare it is to know it, how increasingly difficult to ever achieve real quiet and the peace that comes with it, how true the statement "Tranquillity is beyond price".

More and more do we realize that quiet is important to our happiness. In our cities the constant beat of strange and foreign wave lengths on our primal senses beats us into neuroticism, changes us from creatures who once knew the silences too fretful, uncertain beings immersed in a cacophony of noise which destroys sanity and equilibrium.

In recognition of this need, city churches leave their doors open so that people may come off the streets and in the semi-darkness find the quiet they need. I know a great sanctuary whose doors open onto one of the busiest and noisest streets of the world. I go in there whenever I pass, and as the doors close behind me and I look up to the stained-glass windows and in the dusk sometimes hear the muted chords of a great organ, the quiet returns and I sense

the silence once more. Beneath that vaulted dome is a small part of the eternal quiet the outside world once knew.

In Winchester Cathedral in England is a stained-glass window dedicated to Izaak Walton, the patron saint of all anglers. In the base of that window are four words that embody the philosophy of all who enjoy the gentle art of fishing and the out-or-doors.

STUDY TO BE QUIET

It is the key to all he ever wrote and thought about. Beside the rivers Itchen and Dove, Izaak Walton fished for peace and quiet, sought the silence and the places where thoughts were long and undisturbed.

Silence belongs to the primitive scene. Without it the vision of unchanged landscape means little more than rock and trees and mountains. But with silence it has significance and meaning. What would the Grand Canyon's blue immensities and enormous depths, its sense of timelessness, be like with a helicopter roaring the length of it?

John Muir said: "The sequoias belong to the solitudes and the millenniums". Those ancient trees, some of them old before the birth of Christ, mature long before the continent was discovered, have among them the stillness of the ages. As such, they are more than trees; their very existence is sobering to short-lived man.

What would the wilderness lake country of the Quetico-Superior be like with the roar of airplane motors and high-powered transportation engulfing it? The charm of a canoe trip is in the quiet as one drifts along the shores, being a part of rocks and trees and every living thing. How swiftly it changes if all natural sounds are replaced by the explosive violence of combustion engines and speed. At times on quiet waters one does not speak aloud but only in whispers, for then all noise is sacrilege. How much more one enjoys a countryside when walking through it! The sounds of the road, the constant sense of the mechanical detract from the complete enjoyment that means recreation and reversal of the type of experience we are accustomed to in everyday life. So often holidays are merely an extension of the identical influences we seek to escape. The fact that we have changed the scene makes little difference unless there is the compensating fact of quiet.

One does not have to be alone to enjoy silence. It has often been said that the ability to enjoy it with others is the mark of friendship and understanding. Only when people are strangers do they feel obliged to be entertaining. Where there is agreement and appreciation, silence is no bar to mutual enjoyment. When I have been alone in quiet places, I have often wished someone could share it and make the experience even richer and more complete.

How often we speak of the great silences of the wilderness and of the importance of preserving them and the wonder and peace to be found there! When I think of them, I see the

lakes and rivers of the north, the muskegs and the expanses of tundra, the barren lands beyond all roads. I see the mountain ranges of the west and the high, rolling ridges of the Appalachians. I picture the desert of the southwest and their brilliant panoramas of colour, the impenetrable swamplands of the south. They will always be there and their beauty may not change, but should their silence be broken, they will never be the same.

Sigurd F. Olson.

UHRU—A Book Review

Uhuru means 'freedom' in Swahili; freedom which is very shortly to come to East Africa. We have read of the fears—but natural—with which British residents in Kenya are viewing the prospects of African self-rule and the wave of uncertainty which pervades the white settlers in the Kenya highlands. It all sounds very much like India of 1947.

But while there has been expressed anxiety about human interests in future political set-up, there has been very little heard or read about the future of game in those countries. The wild life of East Africa has been rightly recognised to be a world heritage, but merely an African one and in recent years its future has been increasingly debated. Governments have made pronouncements and private—nay, world-opinion has moved towards a realisation that what is one of the world's greatest natural heritages must be saved. All this may have engendered a certain amount of complacency in the minds of people and to some extent this has been the case with the writer. Now comes a rude awakening in the shape of a book, written deliberately and with the avowed intention of shocking the conscience of those responsible, by two men who certainly know their subject. 'Saving the Game', by Anthony Cullen and Sydney Downey, both residents of East Africa, the one a journalist on the staff of a paper and the other a white hunter, "is the story of the destruction and attempts at preservation of the wild life of East Africa, under the stewardship of mankind", to quote the sub-title of the book. Fully documented and crammed with facts and figures, it is a blunt—some might think over-blunt—and scathing resume of the actual situation in regard to game animals, their present status and their future prospects in the territories of Kenya, Tanganyika and Uganda. The authors have boldly stated that they feel certain that "the greatest weapon, perhaps the last weapon, in the armoury of East Africa's game is mass public opinion and outrage, on a worldwide scale". They go on to say: "Saving the game is not an exercise conducted for our own amusement. This faunal heritage is something of inspiration to mankind. Without inspiration, and wonderment, and biological verity, and the rhythms that go beyond democracy, manoeuvres, the threat of nuclear war, the *raison d'être* of mankind would not be easy to

discern. This may be romance in cobalt bombs, or Coca-cola, or Communism, but there is much more of truth and much more of delight, in lion cubs, in an elephant's scream, in a Kudu standing nobly on a hillside".

The authors give—against a background of unimpeachable facts and figures all of which, to an outsider, appear to add up to a total picture of ignorance and worse on the part of the Africans, who are the greatest enemies to their own game, and of inefficiency and platitudes on the part of the still mainly British, administrators—the three schools of thought in Kenya about the future of game. One view is that with the onset of Uhuru, "all conventions, restrictions and regulations will at once go by the board" and there will be a period of absolute chaos. In this period commercial poaching and organised hunting will quickly wipe out all game outside stipulated sanctuaries, whose boundaries will become meaningless in a mad rush for political loot and land. The second view is more optimistic, and is based on the feeling that land-parceling will breed tribal rows and jealousies, that African leaders will be afraid of being dubbed barbarians for permitting their game to be butchered and that the economic value of East African wild life, which is Kenya's biggest revenue earner apart from tourism, is recognised by African nationalists who will not readily destroy it.

The third view is that nothing will happen—nobody will slaughter the game and rape the sanctuaries but at the same time no one will do anything to protect wild life. In other words nobody will care! The opinion is that when freedom comes the African politicians will reflect the mass African indifference or hostility towards wild life and that policies will be tempered by factors of economic advantage and world opinion. It is this view that the authors albeit cautiously, believe will prevail, and there is a determined effort to mobilise world opinion on the side of the wild life of East Africa.

Reading through this damning indictment of complacency and worse on the part of officialdom and short-sighted greed on the part of the people of East Africa, in regard to the wonderful wild life of that country one cannot help thinking of the problem in India. What has our 'Uhuru', achieved fifteen years ago, brought our own wild life? A little of all these three forecasted eventualities for East Africa's game, one might say. Determined encroachment on the 'privileges' which were once enjoyed by wild life took place, particularly in the native states, where wild life was massacred indiscriminately and in India generally, under the guise of liberal issue of weapon licenses to satisfy national sentiment and of crop-protection guns to satisfy the urge for greater food-production. The public have remained generally indifferent and in particular their leaders, engrossed as they have been in what they considered more important nation-building activities. The official world has largely remained complacent, particularly the forest departments and the civil administration, the former the traditional custodians of India's wild life.

In any assessment of the situation in which India's wild life finds itself to-day a situation no less dangerous than East Africa's in spite of the absence of a grave threat from a meat-hungry population skilled in trapping and poisoning and with a much lower sensitiveness where the taking of animal life is concerned, or of the dangers of an immature political leadership—and in attempting to fix responsibility for the present state of affairs, one is forced to lay the burden squarely on the shoulders of the bureaucracy. After fifteen years of our freedom and in spite of well-meaning attempts by a few people and fairly systematic work by the Indian Board of Wild Life in studying the problems and advising the Government of India, who in turn can merely advise the States (who are the sole masters of their own wild life, be it remembered!) what is the position? Virtual stagnation in most directions! Where are the revised legislation and basic game laws applicable to all areas and enjoined on everybody in regard to fundamental provisions, such as prohibition of shooting from vehicles (particularly at night), sitting up over water-holes and salt-licks, outlawing of buck-shot, bombing and netting of rivers in which fish spawn, etc.? Where are the unified close seasons for common species in adjoining areas and where the unified action between States in matters of trapping of game birds and wild fowl and the export/import of the same across common State boundaries? Where are the National Parks we have been promised? Where are the enlarged staffs and special game departments so urgently needed to supplement the efforts of hard-pressed forest personnel, engaged in timber-extraction and revenue earning? Where are the well established and systematically working State Wild Life Boards which are implicitly enjoined on the political units by the very constitution and authority of the Indian Board of Wild Life, the parent body? Where is that enthusiasm and vigour on the part of forest officers for a difficult task—nay where is the interest in wild life among them.

For more than fifteen years wild life conservationists and game enthusiasts have been crying themselves hoarse on these essentials for the adequate protection of India's wonderful and varied fauna, with very little effect indeed. What we need now, not for external consumption but internal reading, is a book on Indian wild life conditions similar to "Saving the Game". Such a book, boldly written without fear of consequences, will perhaps stir up public opinion and Governmental action to do much more for India's wild life than has been hitherto done. It will require complete knowledge of conditions all over India to provide that factual information and complete documentation which alone can prove effective. Complacent eulogies and pretty pictures of India's wild life will not do—only brutal facts and damning evidence can galvanise a supine officialdom into action. Who will write such a book for India before it is too late? Here is a challenge!

"Observer"

**Speech of His Highness the Maharaja of Nabha, President, on the occasion of the
5th Annual General Meeting of the Wild Life Preservation Society of India,
held on the 19th of August, 1963.**

After a year, again, we have the pleasure to be together to celebrate the inception of this Society on its 5th Anniversary.

I hope you will all join me in welcoming all who are present to-day and also in thanking all those members and others associated with this Institution who have worked to make it what it is to-day.

The aims and objects of this Society are very great indeed, what could be greater than the efforts to preserve the great heritage of nature to man, the myriads of species of Wild life, which are in danger of extinction by man himself.

This Society which is the only one of its kind in India, was started when the need for such an Institution was greatest. Distinguished sportsmen of our great country put their heads together with tried conservationists of nature and Wild life in its natural haunts to achieve the objective. Civil and Military Officers also came forward to help in starting the Society and to organise the publication of our Journal "THE CHEETAL", which is read with great interest both by Sportsmen Shikaries and by those who do not kill either for sport or for meat.

It was my proud privilege to be associated with this Society from its very birth and it was the goodness of you Members to accept me as the Founder President and entrust me with such a noble cause. As such my own sense of responsibility due to the trust placed in me by you, has made me do whatever was possible for the Institution and for the cause it represents. In the discharge of this effort, I have presented the Society with a most attractive and colourful game played like "SNAKES AND LADDERS", depicting the balance of nature. I hope this will be liked by all. Little children or grown-ups, whoever play this game—will see the great need of protecting the defenceless animals, birds and fish of our great Sub-continent, without which it would be a sorry world indeed.

Some of us think that the financial condition of the Society is not good, this is not surprising; because all new societies face such difficulties and it is not possible for them to meet all the expenses from the income in the beginning. We should go ahead with our faith in the cause we represent, remembering that these difficulties have to be met only by steady progress. Nothing has ever been achieved in a day and nothing ever will be. Hard work and inch by inch progress only can show results.

We have brought several cases of poaching to light in the past years, but these cannot be enumerated in detail, because, once we hand over the information to the appropriate authorities, who take action, the case becomes a charge of the competent authority or department concerned and the papers are treated as a "Confidential File". I mention this; so that the apprehension regarding the Society doing nothing is removed from your minds, should any have existed.

The U.P. Government has been more helpful to us this year than in the past for which we thank them. The Chief Conservator of Forests took the Society in confidence by sending a copy of the Wild Birds and Animals Protection Act and our previous Honorary Secretary gave them many valuable suggestions such as inclusion of a separate schedule for Fish also, as they had proposed for animals and birds, thus affording protection to Fish as well. He also differed on the point of the Chief Wild Life Warden being empowered to permit the shooting of protected and prohibited species which should enjoy complete protection under this Act, in this also as you are aware, our Honorary Secretary had our full support. We hope this bill would soon be put on the statute.

The suggestion put forward by this Society for the exchange of Ring Neck Pheasant-eggs with the eggs of our Indian Pheasants exported to the U.S.A., so that the loss of our hatching eggs was compensated by our adding a new species to our list of Game Birds, was accepted by the U.P. Government and the Society got a letter to this effect from the Chief Conservator of Forests, U.P. We also requested another Government department in this respect, but the reply received was not very encouraging. I assure you that we shall keep on trying until we achieve success.

Should the Government of India or the State Governments afford us facilities for preserving game under the over-all management of the Society by reserving certain areas for us, I am confident that we could preserve and stock such areas very well indeed. I hope sooner or later this plan would be favourably considered by Government so that our Members or Office Bearers could visit foreign countries with the object of negotiating for the exchange of Wild Life peculiar to those countries with those species which are found in our country. This would also engender feelings of reciprocity and kinship with other nations friendly to our country.

I might mention here that our experiment in taking on lease the waters of the Tons and Jamna near Kalsi, was initially a great success, not only did we run it at a small profit and afforded a source of recreation and sport to our Members and guests, but we also made a good contribution to the preservation of the great Sporting fish "THE MIGHTY MAHASEER". The proof of this success is there for any of you to see in the records of

our Fishing register, which records the date, name of the Angler, the type of tackle used, time of the catch, weight of different Fish caught, the type of bait on which caught and general remarks. Some very big Fish were caught by our Members like Mr. Mann and Major Manwaring in the over fifty pounds mark besides the small ones which these Sportsmen released and returned to the water alive.

Unfortunately, for the next year, the lease of these waters is not contemplated due to management difficulties. I hope that for the future the Society will not only retake these waters, but will also expand its ventures to other waters thus affording Sportsmen members facilities which can only be enjoyed through preservation of Fish and animal life of the country.

The desire of the Society to obtain a seat on the Indian Board of Wild Life was more than reciprocated by the Govt. of India by offering me a seat to represent the Society as its President, at the same time asking me to accept the offer of Regional Secretary subject to my acceptance, which I did with great pleasure.

In order to make cartridges available to our Members on their licenses through the State Trading Corporation or the National Rifle Association of India, within the Arms Act rules and for the proper utilisation of such ammunition by its members, who needed it, the Society explored the possibility of getting such facilities, but these cartridges could only be made available by the N.R.A.I., to our Members, if our Institution got itself affiliated to the N.R.A.I., as a Member, which was discussed at a meeting of the Executive Committee and due to certain reasons, it was decided against the Society becoming a Member of the N.R.A.I. and the question of making ammunition available to the members was dropped which must have disappointed some members, particularly those who sent cash in anticipation of our remitting the money to the N.R.A.I. and their deposit was refunded. I am confident that the Society will be in a position to reconsider its decision in the near future when we will be able to help our members to get their supplies of cartridges for their legitimate use.

We are looking forward to a grant-in-aid by the Government to the Society for our needs and for the publication of "THE CHEETAL", which the Minister for Forests, promised to consider when we met him in a deputation on his visit to the F.R.I., in September last and we hope we will get it very soon.

I am sure you shall all join me when I say that we shall miss Mr. Holdsworth's guidance very much in the affairs of our Society, who has left India recently on his retirement from the Doon School. For, we always got very good advice from him in the day to day work of our Society.

Before concluding, I thank Sardar G.K.S. Mann, our outgoing Honorary Secretary and I am sure you will also join me in thanking him for his selfless work for the Society, irrespective of his own business and other engagements. We shall miss him very much. I also thank Shri T.N. Srivastava, Director Forest Education, F.R.I and Colleges for very kindly placing the Building and lawns of Rangers College at our disposal for holding the Annual General Meeting of the Society.

Speech of Shri S. S. Negi, Senior Executive Vice-President at the Fifth Annual General Meeting.

Your Highness, Guests and Members:

It is my pleasant duty to welcome you this evening to the Fifth Annual General Meeting of this Society. I am particularly grateful to the guests for finding time to attend this meeting.

The Society was formed in 1958. Credit for its formation mainly goes to our President, Maharaja Sahib of Nabha and Mr. P. D. Stracey. In the first two years the response from the public was very encouraging but from 1960 the interest of the members began flagging. Consequently, the membership has been declining. As a result, the Society passed through three very lean years due to fall in income and increase in expenditure, and had to draw on its reserve fund to meet the deficit, which amounted to Rs. 3000/- to Rs. 5000/- every year. This state of affairs was pointed out by me at the last Annual General Meeting and at my suggestion, the general body appointed an ad hoc Finance Sub-Committee under my chairmanship to go into the financial position of the Society and suggest ways and means to improve its finances and increase its income. As a result of the recommendations of this Sub-Committee, certain items of expenditure were cut down and we have been able to effect economy to the extent of nearly Rs. 2000/- per annum. But this is not all. Unless continuous efforts are made to increase its membership roll the future of the Society is dark. I, therefore, appeal to all members to help the Society by enrolling new members.

Unfortunately, for certain reasons which I consider needless to state here, I was not able to take active interest in the affairs of the Society till February 1963. It was only from the beginning of March that I could take interest in the day to day working of the Society. In

this short period, we have been able to enroll one patron, nine life members and one ordinary member. I am hoping to enroll some more patrons, life members and ordinary members in the near future.

Quite a number of members have asked me what benefits is the Society offering them? What use is there in continuing its membership? I quite appreciate their point of view as besides supplying them free of charge two issues of our Journal "Cheetal" in return for their annual subscription of Rs. 12/- the Society is not rendering any material benefit to its members. To them, my only answer is that this Society is similar to the All India Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The only difference is that whilst the S.P.C.A. is concerned with the welfare of domestic animals, this Society deals with the preservation, protection and conservation of our beautiful wild birds and animals.

Wild life is a rich heritage of a country. It is a heritage that must be preserved and nursed for its aesthetic, cultural, scientific and recreational values. Unfortunately during the last 50 years or so, as a result of uncontrolled and wanton destruction of our wild life by unscrupulous shikaries there has been a rapid decline of our wild life and some areas are even threatened with extinction. In the words of our Prime Minister "In India perhaps even more than in any other country there is a difference between precept and practice. In no country is life valued so much as in India and most of us would even hesitate to destroy the most harmful of animals. But in practice, we ignore the animal world".

This Society has been formed with the main object of inculcating among the public, particularly our younger generation love and interest in wild life. It is the bounden duty of all of us to preserve our rich heritage. Therefore, no one should grudge contributing a fraction of his annual income to advance the cause of our beautiful wild birds and animals and we should not think in terms of deriving any material benefits from the Society. I would, however, appeal to all members to inform us from time to time what facilities and benefits would they like to have. Any suggestion in this direction will be welcomed.

Besides publishing its journal the "Cheetal" and replying to queries regarding wild life from interested persons, we keep a strict watch on the unlawful activities of the poachers and unscrupulous shikaries and report such infringements to state authorities concerned. We also send suggestions to Wild Life Boards set up by Governments at State and all India levels regarding preservation of wild life, we also contemplate publishing illustrated posters and pamphlets. This, however, is dependent on the improvement of our finances. My thought also runs to the idea of taking parties to the Corbett National Park to enable visitors to view wild life in its natural state. It is a wild life sanctuary, where shooting is strictly prohibited. In the Park well furnished accommodation for visitors is available. There is also arrangement for

boarding. Two elephants are stationed at Dhikala to take visitors into the interior of the forest. Watch Towers or 'Machans' are constructed at several places in the Park to enable visitors to watch tigers, panthers, wild elephants, cheetal etc. coming out of the jungle from a safe distance and height. I hope to make preliminary arrangements in the coming winter and will, I expect, be in a position to arrange visits in early spring, which is the best time to visit the park. I can assure you all that a visit to the park is well worth the expense involved.

Gentlemen, I will not take any more of your valuable time and will request our President, H.H. the Maharaja Sahib of Nabha, to say a few words to you. Before I close, I express my grateful thanks to His Highness and Dr. Baini Prasad, our Vice-President, for the keen interest they are taking in the affairs of the Society. I would be failing in my duty if I do not say a few words in appreciation of the fine work Dr. R.N. Misra is doing as Honorary Secretary of the Society. From the time he took over charge of the office, he has been regularly devoting 2 to 3 hours daily of his valuable time to the affairs of the Society without any remuneration. I am also thankful to him for the unstinted co-operation I am receiving from him. I must also thank our former Hon. Secy. Mr. G.K.S. Mann, who did really hard and admirable work for three years as its Secretary. Unfortunately, he has resigned from membership of the Society which is regrettable indeed. I am indeed grateful to Shri T. N. Srivastava, our Vice-President and Director of Forest Education, F.R.I. and Colleges, for his valuable advice from time to time and for permitting the use of the College premises for holding this meeting.

S. S. Negi

(Sr. Ex. Vice-President).

Mr. Nez-khora

All the locals knew him by this name,—‘Nez-khora’, ‘Short-tail’ or ‘Half-tail’—being the Assamese expression used for describing a dog with a bobbed tail.

He was a naturalized citizen of the community, having roamed the village areas for several years. His home, or as the local people said, “his bungalow”, was back in the vast jungles of the Ranga Reserve. He knew the village paths, the various crops, where they were planted, and their stage of development, as well as the owners. A good share of his food was gained in this way. In the winter it was the ripening summer rice, in summer the winter rice. In fact he had become quite a connoisseur over the years and even began indulging in three course meals—the cause of his ultimate downfall.

Of late there had been three rogues that had claimed that area. Besides Mr. Nez-khora there was Mr. Peppa-khora (flat-backed) and a tusker. A year and a half ago I did away with the tusker, when he was caught in the middle of a field. Mr. Peppa-khora was a Makhna like Nez-khora, he was noticeably smaller, and seldom ventured forth alone. He would usually take to the company of the tusker or Nez-khora and let them lead the way. I met Mr. Peppa-khora the night I shot the tusker. He was following along on the fringes of the field.

Mr. Nez-khora was getting bolder and rougher as the years went by. Actually I had seen him once as he stood more than knee deep in a field of the finest standing rice. He had known just where to go, passing by several other fields to pick this, the most luscious of all. But he was wary and kept his distance. That was when he was younger and more shy.

This time the call for help from the villagers came at a most unexpected time—it was the first week of June. I have never had an encounter with an elephant in June before. The call was urgent. The first day I was not home. They came a second day, which was Sunday, and I had my usual commitments for that day. I told them I would try and come on Monday. Before I could start out, another representation had arrived, probably afraid that I might not come.

The people were beside themselves. Mr. Nez-khora was going ‘whole-hog’ for their crops. It seemed he followed a pattern in his indulgences. It so happened that at this time some of the winter rice was at that delectable milky stage which was too much for him to pass by. But he had not been satisfied with that. They said he would start by invading the standing crop, then later in the night, for three nights in a row, he had come right into the village and broken open granary walls to eat some of the last year’s harvested crop. Each

night a different granary. Then he would end up by visiting cornfields hard-by the village houses and in the morning the men would see him marching across the fields going back to his "bungalow" as they went out to plough.

This three-course diet he couldn't resist nor would allow anyone to disturb. Villagers were afraid to holler at him, as he would charge to frighten them off. They tried fire and the beating of tins, but none of this phased him. One desperate villager crawled under his granary, taking refuge under its elevated floor and swung at the feet of the elephant, trying to chase it away. One corn field he had eaten completely and it was just the crop the people were depending on for food at this season. One night he shook a man's house; the man thought he might have been looking for salt to go with his meal!

On arrival my son and I did a little reconnaissance to verify the reports, and to plan a line of attack. We walked over quite an area bordering the reserve to see if he followed any particular 'dundee'. There seemed to be 'dundeeds' all over. It was rather heart-breaking to see large areas of what had been rice land when I was there before, now completely abandoned to jungle as the people were tired of raising rice for the elephants to eat up.

The conclusion we reached was that it would be best just to wait in the village until the elephant made its appearance and plan our attack thereafter.

The villagers were most hospitable. Though their religion could not allow me up into their houses, they spread rice straw on the ground, and brought out a sambhar hide which they laid over it and suggested we sleep there until things began to happen. Incidentally, there is a bumper crop of sambhar being slain in these areas since the Government has instituted the prohibition on deer shooting in the State along with the prohibition on bison shooting. There is now not much reason for a legitimate shikari to take out a reserve shooting permit, and so it has left the areas wide open to uncontrolled roaming by the poachers. My son and I spread ourselves out under the stars with a pleasant mountain breeze blowing just enough to keep us cool and chase off the mosquitoes. Around us the village men spread straw mats and prepared for the night's vigil. Listening to the men's deep breathing as they slept soundly made me wonder if anyone would know when the elephant did arrive.

About 12-30 midnight I heard some shouting in the distance. I tried to awaken the men and after about three efforts I got a response. Sure enough, the elephant was in the corn field of a neighbouring Nepali village. He had changed his pattern that night and started with the corn!

We scurried along through the darkness of the moonless night. Soon we could hear the elephant chomping away at the corn stalks. We slipped up to a house and could gauge the elephant about fifty yards off. From the house we began to work our way stealthily out

to the corn. Our eyes almost popped out of our heads trying to get some glimpse of movement. Kneeling down trying to catch its profile against the sky didn't help, as there were some scrubby trees in the background. At last I turned to the villager who was with me and said that we would have to shine the torch on him and if it did not give us an opportunity for a good shot, we would just frighten him off. In my own heart I felt bad, as I knew the villagers would be deeply disappointed if the elephant should go scot free, to carry on further depredations. This, however, seemed the only sensible conclusion. One reassuring factor was the terrific performance I have had from my .378 Weatherby and I knew if I got the slightest break the gun would do the rest.

I nudged my partner and whispered to shine the torch. As the light fell upon the elephant it was broadside, but started to turn. I think I took the quickest shot I have yet taken, which was immediately followed by my son's shot and the elephant fell. Another two shots well placed made things final.

Looking things over the next day the elephant lay dead about equidistant between two houses, about fifty yards each. To all sides were devastated corn fields. One thing was sure, the elephant would have to be buried. This job the villagers took on with pleasure. And, who knows, may be next year's corn crop will be the better for it! They surely deserve it.

Reaching home about 2:30 A.M. I found my wife had been a little more concerned than usual for us. I let my son lead the way and break the news. He announced, "Mom, it's a sad tail!" And as poor mom became deeply concerned about the sad "tale" as to what had happened and if we had ill fortune, my son held out a section of what was left of Nez-khora's tail and a sad looking tail it was! We have made bracelets from hairs of elephant tails, but we will never have one from Nez-khora.

I took some pictures which are sent along with this write-up. However, for some uncanny reason all the pictures turned out well except that of the elephant. I suppose he was just too shy of that tail!

Rev. K. Wm. Hagstrom.

The Great Cats

The house cat, lion, tiger, and leopard are members of one family, the felidae, foremost of all the carnivores or beasts of prey. There are some beasts of prey whose teeth are not quite suited to a diet of meat and there are others whose blunted claws are useless as weapons of attack. But the cat family is gifted with sharp claws and perfect teeth, ideally suited to strike and hold struggling prey. Among the carnivores, cats are supreme in the combination of grace, strength and agility and this makes them the masters in the art of swift capturing, killing and eating of living prey.

Although associated with India and the surrounding countries, the original home of the tiger was very much north of our country. Fossil remains of tigers have in recent years been discovered in New Siberian Islands in the Arctic Circle. Long ago Central and Northern Asia had a rich vegetation which used to support a number of Bovines, antelopes and deer. These herbivorous creatures were the prey of tigers and leopards. Tigers still survive in Korea, Eastern Siberia, Mongolia and Manchuria. Even today the Manchurian tiger is considered to be the biggest of all the tigers. As for the lion, it is believed that its original home was Central and Northern Europe and it existed there during the prehistoric period. This is proved by fossil remains of lions discovered in England, France and Germany. There is similar evidence that the leopard also came from the north.

It appears that the tiger entered our country through the hill ranges of Assam. It first settled in the Himalayan forests and then started moving towards the greater part of the peninsula. How long ago the tiger came to our country is not known. The lion being a European animal, entered India through the north western passes and spread throughout the northern and central parts of the country. Unfortunately this magnificent beast was not offered protection and, therefore, faced extermination before it had time to settle down. Today the Gir Forest in Gujarat is the only home of the lions in India. Amongst the carnivora, the leopard was the most successful in extending its territory in the country but we do not know whether it came from the north eastern passes or north western passes.

HABITAT

While migrating from its original home an animal senses out the habitats that would provide shelter for it. The tiger migrated to those parts of Asia that offered thick forests and enough food and this is why they never entered the plateau of Tibet. The lion which is not very fond of dense forests, had no restriction of habitat, while migrating from northern Europe. Since the habitat of lion is more or less open country, nature does not offer him so

much protection as it does to a tiger. On the other hand a leopard which can thrive in jungle, scrub or rocks did not have any problems when migrating and this is why this carnivore is so evenly spread in India.

HABITS

Carnivores play a very important role in keeping the balance of nature in wild life. They keep in check the herbivores. Without this control the herbivores would multiply so rapidly that they would become a menace to man. A small carnivore like the leopard-cat for instance does not allow the population of rodents to increase in the jungle.

Carnivores at times destroy fellows of their own and other species. Though the king of the jungle, even the tiger fears another enemy, and that is another tiger. Panthers on their kills have been known to be destroyed by tigers or more powerful rivals of their own species. Competition for food brings about a conflict among the animals. Once a cat secures its prey, it attracts the attention of other beasts in the vicinity. Because of this tigers and panthers have the habit of dragging their kills to a secluded place where it could be kept for themselves. There have been many instances when panthers have carried their kills high up into the trees to keep them away from hyaenas.

The larger carnivores are not usually dangerous to man. But it is man who is responsible for converting them into cattle-lifters and man-eaters. Shortage of natural food is also one of the many reasons to convert the great cats into cattle lifters and man-eaters. If smaller game is not to be found in the jungle, a tiger generally thrives on man and his livestock; but on the other hand, under the same circumstances, a panther is capable of obtaining its food from outside the jungle, like dogs, for instance. This could be one of the reasons why we come across more man-eating tigers than panthers. Man-eating is more frequent in females than in males. The difficulty in finding food for their young may initiate the habit and explain its greater frequency in this sex. Man eating could become a tradition passed on from parents to the young ones. This might explain the repeated occurrence of man-eating tigers in certain districts of India and their rarity in others. Because of its cunning method to hunting a man-eating panther is to be dreaded more than its counterpart, the tiger.

WEAPONS OF ATTACK

Hunting of other animals as a means of livelihood requires high intelligence and the beasts of prey display an intelligence surpassed only by man and a few apes. In cats the senses of hearing, scent and vision are highly developed. Their upstanding ears are suited of picking up airborne sounds and their directions. The cats are thus immediately aware of any sound which betrays the presence of their prey. Amongst carnivora, cats have the biggest eyes, the pupils of which contract in the bright light thereby protecting them from

glare, and dilate in the dark to allow the maximum light to enter the eyes. It is believed that when hunting, tigers and leopards rely more on their sight and hearing, whereas a lion is guided more by scent when following its prey. We have little knowledge as to what extent an animal depends on its vision when hunting in the dark.

No other beast of prey has such strong curving claws as the cat family. The claws of a cat are essentially a weapon of attack and a peculiar device prevents them from getting blunt whenever they come in contact with the ground. While claws are used for striking and holding, canine teeth seize the prey. Cheek teeth are used for mastication and chewing of bones. An interesting point to note about the cheek teeth is that the number of these teeth indicate the diet of a carnivora. The more numerous the cheek teeth, more likely it is that the animal has a mixed diet. On the other hand, reduction in these teeth proves that the diet is exclusively flesh.

The secret of a cat's hunting is to take its prey by surprise. While walking, the hindfoot of the house cat is set exactly in the track of its forefoot. This perfect register makes for silent movement and we see the action repeated in the spoor of the tiger when this great cat approaches its prey in silence.

COLOURATION

There is a considerable difference in the external appearance of great cats of different regions. Temperature and humidity play an important role in this matter. For example animals, living in the arctic region show little tendency to bright colours. In more southerly latitudes the colouring becomes darker and richer. Tigers and panthers of the Indian region are much darker as compared to their species of Manchuria; and again the same beasts in Malaya and Indonesia being close to the equator are much darker than ours.

It would be worth mentioning a few words about the black panther. The black panther is exactly the same species of panther commonly known to us in India, with a pale yellow skin with black rosettes. But near the equator in humid forests, the same animal develops a black coat and this is due to a substance called melanin which intensifies pigmentation. If a black panther is examined closely the rosettes are visible, though muted.

COURTSHIP AND BREEDING

While courting, the great cats like their diminutive counterparts on hot tin roofs, are very noisy. Their mating is always accompanied by demonstrations of snarling and roaring while mating males are known to bite the female on the face severely generally under the ears. At times the wounds created by such bites are so deep that profuse bleeding takes place from them, resulting in the death of the female. There is little known regarding the mating

period of tigers, panthers and lions. We do not even know whether the males are sexually potent throughout the year nor do we know the intervals of time which elapse between the period when the females are in condition to breed. Cubs are born in any month of the year, at the same time the birth rate may increase in any particular season. It is worth mentioning here that what little we have learnt regarding their mating habits is from the animals in captivity.

Beasts of prey are usually born blind and helpless. The task of looking after the young ones falls chiefly on the mother. A tiger deserts its mate soon after the addition in the family. Panthers and lions on the other hand remain with the family though they take little or no interest in the cubs. It is the mother who protects the offspring and later trains them to secure food.

THE HUNTING LEOPARD OR CHEETAH

A few words about this extinct animal would be of interest. While the panther and the leopard are one and the same, the hunting leopard is a totally different animal. Also known as the cheetah, it is slimmer and more long-legged than the panther. A cheetah has a round face unlike a panther's. The markings on a panther's skin are rosettes, while the cheetah has only spots. The cheetah is one of the fastest animals on the face of the earth. Unlike the other cats its claws are non-retractile. These are responsible for giving the animal a firmer grip while running, which is the secret of its speed. A cheetah is known to keep an average speed of 70 m.p.h. to the first few furlongs, in which it can easily seize its prey. This magnificent beast was frequently met with in the Deccan in the beginning of this century, but faced extermination because of lack of protection. The old nobility of Hyderabad used to tame cheetahs for hunting the gazelle and the antelope.

Lateef Mehdi.

[Editorial Post-script.

Though we lack the American Cougar or mountain-lion, and the South American Jaguar, no other country in the world can count amongst its 'great-cats' a comparable richness to our tiger, panther, lion, clouded leopard and, last and most fascinating, the snow leopard (*Felis uncia*).

The latter two are the greatest source of anxiety and the obverse of the blessing of having them is the curse of losing them through neglect and wantonness. The snow-leopard, we know from personal experience, is paying the price of its exotic and mysterious grandeur by furnishing the drawing rooms of the armchair-shikaris of this world, and we hope to give a fuller account of these two cats in future. We would welcome any information about their status and habitat from knowledgeable members.—Ed:]

A Cat Has Nine Lives

A tiger is the world's most powerful cat, the lion not excluded. So if a cat, domestic variety, has nine lives, then a tiger ought to have as many too and a few to spare. And in this the tiger does not disappoint us.

Tigers are frequently dropped in their tracks with well placed bullets from comparatively low powered rifles. My friend the Raja of Kunda once dropped five tigers in one beat a few miles out of Hazaribagh using a .30/06, and that loaded too with 150 grain solids. I know of atleast three cases in Hazaribagh district where a tiger has been felled by a single blow of a "tangi", the jungle man's narrow bladed axe. One of these cases involved the notorious Giridih man-eating tigress which thus met its end a decade or so ago. But the foregoing should not be taken to mean that low or medium powered rifles are all that are necessary for tiger.

From time to time I meet, or hear of, small bore enthusiasts who having shot a few, or perhaps even a dozen, tigers with the greatest of ease using their pet weapons, then proceed to generalise from the particular and insist that all that is required is accuracy of shooting, when their comparatively low powered weapons are supposed to be sufficient. One can make no greater mistake, which may prove fatal in the most literal sense of the word. As Burrard puts it in his "Notes on Sporting Rifles":—

"The heavy medium bores would probably prove perfectly satisfactory in at least nine cases out of ten. But when venturing to offer advice I cannot forget the possible tenth. The value of bullet weight in the knocking-down-flat business is beyond doubt, and for this reason I believe that a heavy double, firing a bullet of at least 480 grains, is the best. It may be a bit heavier, but that little extra weight may also save a human life....."

The above is with reference to weapons for use in dense jungle on animals including the big cats. Burrard classifies weapons such as the .425, .416, .404 and .450/.400 as heavy medium bores. If even these weapons are not quite suitable, there is little to be said for the medium and small bores, magnum or otherwise.

As animals go, even considering the soft skinned carnivora only, Indian tigers are not particularly big animals. A tiger is only about half as big as, say, a Kodiak bear. Considering this, his vitality is almost incredible. I have seen a tiger come out in a beat and receive a 500 grain .570 bullet in the shoulder and yet come on at a gallop. A second shot, from a .375 magnum, took it in the neck, missed the spine but raked down into the heart. Both bullets

mushroomed ideally. Yet that tiger charged a "machan" and was only stopped in the nick of time by a .375 bullet which broke its neck.

Last year in May my client Mr. Floyd D'Angelo of Los Angeles shot a tiger in a beat, putting a .425 magnum 400 grain bullet first through its heart, then another through both lungs and finally a last one through both front legs. That tiger went past at a gallop and only dropped dead some 60 yards behind the "machan". If it had turned back towards the beaters it could have done serious mischief before dropping dead. The bullets were Westley Richards pointed capped which expand very rapidly. The contents of the chest cavity were a mush, with disintegrated heart and lungs.

Last year in November a tiger came out in a beat and gave my client Mr. R.L. Phipps of New York a shot at 15 yards range. Phipps and I were standing on the ground. His .465 bullet was perfectly placed through the animal's heart, and though it knocked the animal down, it regained its feet and went 150 yards before dropping dead. I am convinced that if a light or medium rifle had been used in this case, either we or the beaters would have been in trouble, for the animal would not have been dazed by the great shock of the .465. In this instance the beaters were close behind the tiger.

Head shots, even with heavy cordite rifles, do not necessarily floor the animal. This is surprising, as generally a .470 class bullet will drop an elephant, albeit temporarily with a head shot which misses the brain. Here are a few cases.

Col. Powell in his book "The Call of the Tiger" recounts how he shot a tigress below an eye, head on, with .470. The animal thrashed about in a dazed manner, but was not knocked out. Col. Powell followed up immediately and duly despatched it. He was of the opinion that if he had put off the following up till the next day he would have had a nasty, dangerous animal on his hands. Col. Powell also recounts how he shot a tiger between the shoulder blades with a .470, yet the tiger did not drop or even later die of the wound, and had to be followed up and killed.

The late Jim Corbett describes in one of his books how he shot the well known tiger called 'The Bachelor of Powalgarh'. He fired at this animal while he was himself lying down on the ground using a .450/.400 which, of course, throws a 400 grain bullet with some 4,000 ft. lbs. muzzle energy. He hit the tiger an inch below the right eye at a range of ten yards. Instead of it dropping dead as Jim Corbett expected, the tiger jumped straight into the air for its full length and then commenced to attack with dreadful fury a fallen one foot thick tree which it tore to bits. Corbett followed up and eventually shot this tiger, but only on the fourth day after wounding it. The first bullet was found to have blown out a piece of the back of its skull.

Major Henry Shakespear, author of the "Wild Sports of India" written in the last century, tells how he shot a galloping tigress *through the brain* with a 10 gauge black powder rifle at five yards range, yet the animal went on apparently untouched for forty yards before collapsing dead. Elephants shot through the brain with small bore rifles have been known to go some distances before dropping, but there is no case on record where an elephant has taken a 10 gauge rifle bullet in the brain and not collapsed immediately.

Dunbar-Brander, in his "Wild Animals of Central India", recounts the remarkable case of the tiger shot by H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught at Supkar in 1921. The animal was shot through the head with a heavy h.v. condite rifle. It dropped in its tracks, but later recovered and escaped. Dunbar-Brander eventually came up with it *seventeen* days afterwards. It had been living in water to ease the irritation from maggots which had formed in the wound. The original bullet was found to have entered slightly below the left eye and blown out the teeth of the upper jaw, smashed the lower one, and dreadfully lacerated the gullet. In spite of this wound which prevented it from eating for seventeen days, that tiger was active as ever and prepared to charge.

I myself had a remarkable experience only last month. A tiger came out in a beat giving me only a head shot, which I dislike. However, I fired and my .470 bullet took it in the exact centre of the nostrils, raked down through the neck, the pericardium or outer casing of the heart, one lung and into the liver. The animal never even flinched and got away for the time being. The follow up that day had to be prolonged into the next, when buffaloes were put in ahead of me. The buffaloes moved the tiger on, and it eventually died of the exertion nearly 24 hours after first receiving this staggering wound.

So much for head shots, though the last case also deals with vital organs such as the heart, lung and liver. In case of readers being sceptical about this case, I shall remind them that human beings shot through the pericardium or outer casing of the heart have been known to survive, and that a friend informs me that a doctor friend of his is of the opinion that injury to only one lung would collapse it and permit the animal to live for sometime on the other lung. As for the liver damage, Dunbar-Brander records a case of a tigress being shot in the region of the diaphragm with a .577 which remained a nasty, active animal to kill eleven days after, during which period she had not eaten. Presumably there was liver damage in this case.

Possibly the most remarkable case of all is that of the tiger shot by Mr. P.H. Sykes in Bastar during the early '30s. This tiger took a .577/.500 (low pressure cordite rifle) bullet between the shoulder blades near the base of the neck. The bullet raked the length of the body and there was both lung and liver damage. It took three days' following up, mostly on elephant back, to come up with it, when it sank to a heart shot.

The following dealing with the shape of a tiger's head, and head shots, may not be irrelevant. The tiger has no forehead, and in this respect is unlike the domestic cat. With the domestic animal mentioned there is a definite forehead which drops from the top of the skull. This forehead makes an angle with the nasal bones, an angle which may best be described with a little licence, as a concave angle. However, in the case of the tiger the top of the skull comes straight on to the nasal bones without any declivity. Running from the top of the nasal bones up between the eyes towards the top of the skull is a pad of muscle which bulges out in a marked manner. This bulge causes the lines of the animal's head to show, from the side, a marked angle made by the top of the skull and the line made by the pad of muscle which runs down to the nasal bones. The angle made by these lines may with again a little licence be described as a convex angle. Thus, when looking at that part of a tiger's face in line with the eyes we find from the side a convexity and not a concavity as is the case in the domestic cat. This peculiarity of shape must be borne in mind when taking a head shot. A shot between the eyes can be deflected by the pad of muscle which is there, and the bullet can go round through it to over the top of the skull, where there is more flesh than is generally imagined. At best only temporary unconsciousness ensues with such a wound.

Maharaj Vir Bhadar Singh, when Commissioner of Bilaspur, met by chance while driving over a jungle road a good sized tiger. He jumped out of his car and took a head shot between the eyes with, I believe, a .475 no. 2 rifle. The tiger dropped in its tracks, and the other occupants of the car jumped out to pick up the trophy and put it in the car. Fortunately the Maharaj Saheb, an old hand at tiger hunting, believes in always putting in a second shot, no matter how dead the animal may appear to be. His second shot, into the shoulder of an apparently very dead tiger, was greeted by the animal jumping high into the air. Only temporary unconsciousness had taken place, and the second and very necessary shot caught it as it came to. When I heard of this story, I immediately formed the opinion that the first bullet had been deflected by the muscle pad between the eyes. I had the opportunity of asking Maharaj Vir Bhadar Singh about this, and he confirmed what I had guessed. Much the same thing with a head shot happened to Dunbar-Brander, author of "The Wild Animals of Central India", and he was nearly killed as a result of assuming that a tiger bleeding in the head from a .577 bullet wound was dead.

Considering that many sportsmen insist in using quite unsuitable rifles on tiger, the following story may have a moral in it somewhere. Lt. Gen. Sir Phillip Neame, V.C., shot a tigress through the heart with a .375/.300 but did not kill her at once. As the light was fading rapidly and his men were coming up, he followed up immediately, changing over a .450/.400. He was charged at close quarters and his shot failed to stop the animal which

mauled him before dying on him. Sir Phillip recovered from the mauling. He thereafter shot his tigers with a .577.

There is no doubt that any modern small or medium bore rifle, magnum or otherwise, will kill a tiger if the bullet is correctly placed. But such a rifle cannot be expected to compare with a .470 class rifle so far as flooring the animal is concerned. Whatever rifle one uses, accuracy is all important. However, perfectly accurate shooting can be made with heavy rifles of the .470 class. Therefore, it is only logical, in view of the tremendous vitality shown by tigers at times, to use really powerful weapons under conditions where unarmed beaters have to be protected. In a beat, merely killing a tiger is not enough; the objective must be, as far as is possible, to *floor* the animal. Therefore, a heavy rifle is indicated. I fail to see why unarmed beaters should be endangered more than necessary just because some 'sportsman' wishes to brag later about the tiger he killed with one shot from his little rifle.

If one is stalking one's quarry by oneself, one is certainly entitled to use a small or medium bore rifle. Such a rifle will kill with certainty if the bullet is properly placed. That it may or may not floor the animal, and thus cause danger to oneself, is a matter entirely for the sportsman himself to consider. It concerns no one else. Similarly, if one is sitting up for tiger, by all means use a small or medium bore. If your bullet is properly placed, which it should be no matter that you are using a small, medium, heavy medium or large bore rifle, then your tiger will certainly be killed. Here there is no absolute necessity for dropping the animal in its tracks. But if one is shooting in a beat, it is only sportsmanlike to protect your men by shooting carefully and using a really powerful weapon, which naturally has a better chance of knocking down your quarry than a lighter rifle.

Most heavy rifles are made as doubles. Theoretically a double can never be as accurate as a single. However, as Burrard says in his "Notes on Sporting Rifles":—

"The ranges at which shots can normally be taken in dense jungle are not sufficiently long to cause the slight potential wider grouping capacity of a double when compared with a single to make any practical difference whatever."

Any good large bore double should put both barrels into a 3 inch group at 100 yards, which is a long shot at tiger. It should be borne in mind that large bore cordite rifles have as flat a trajectory as needed for tiger shooting. A rifle of the .470 class may be sighted in to 150 yards when at no point will the bullet rise above the line of sight by more than 2.2 inches. So sighted, the bullet drop at 175 yards will be but 2½ inches, so the rifle may be treated as shooting point blank upto 175 yards. And half that range would be a long shot at a tiger indeed. There is no reason to fight shy of a large bore rifle for tiger on the grounds of accuracy.

There is at present a school of thought which holds that a super-high velocity light bullet will paralyse an animal by virtue of the velocity itself. Now I have seen two leopards' heart shot with the .300 Weatherby Magnum, which gives 4,000 ft. lb. muzzle energy at 4,000 ft. secs. muzzle velocity with the 150 grain bullet, go 40 yards and 150 yards before dropping. I can only conclude that such weapons are not suitable for tiger, though they may be the answer for long range shooting in the open at other game. For tiger there can be no doubt that a minimum bullet weight of 480 grains is required if the rifle is to be used in all the hunting conditions possible.

30th May, 1963.

A. Imam,
Hazaribagh, Bihar.

A Wildlife Conversation

(Overheard)

- She.* "Oh, this flippant jabber on wildlife preservation gets on my nerves! What do they really mean?"
- He.* "Why, dear, they do mean a good deal of sense! After all wild animals, birds and fishes are our privileged heritage and we do not want them to get frittered or extinct because of our excesses and indiscretions in the name of sport."
- She.* "Personally, I think, the talk about *excesses*, *indiscretion* and *extinction* are an idiosyncrasy of those fussy fossils who pretend to claim such wisdom as is downright nonsense. Evolution is a natural process and extinction of certain species is biologically inevitable. The whole process is so inscrutable and there are far more potent factors influencing the advent or exit of species than the so called indiscretion by man. Seismic disorders, volcanic eruptions, climatic variations, edaphic changes, scarcity or abundance of food and water, are some of the factors which bear a great deal more influence on the evolution of life than the trivial role of man. How can man counter or curb those baffling phenomena, the stupendous manifestations of nature?"
- He.* "I agree, but let us not forget that the human factor in the case of wild beasts and birds, particularly those edible or of trophy-value has had the greatest impact on their

population and distribution. For one reason, if the pace of destruction exceeds that of reproduction, a crisis must ensue. This is exactly what has happened. Nearly two hundred species of animals and birds have disappeared from our planet during the past two thousand years and geologically speaking two thousand years represent but a brief span. Not only that, over two hundred more species are just now on the brink of annihilation. Ideologically, therefore, the concept of wildlife preservation aims not merely at the rehabilitation of rare birds and animals but also at the sustained survival of wild stocks so as to hold on nature's balance."

She. "Oh, dear ! What are we pitting our puny nerves against ! Are we not attempting to bite off more than we can chew when we claim responsibility for Nature's balance ? If a few or more species are added or exterminated how would it matter to the affairs of this wide world ? According to you, two hundred species have become extinct during the past couple of millenniums or so. I wonder, if the world is any the poorer for their exit?"

He. "Certainly it is. But the trouble is many of us do not really know what we have been missing. Well, if mere ignorance is bliss, I have nothing more to add."

She. "I don't really think we could blame *ignorance* even for argument's sake. If our present day knowledge of losses due to valuable fauna lost is so intangible then any abstruse reference to something utterly impalpable can hardly lead to any lasting conviction. Besides, I always reckon that a good many denizens are close to pests on human interests, and their riddance would certainly relieve human society of a perennial source of trouble. Take, for instance, a vast variety of poisonous snakes which, year after year, the world over, take a heavy toll of human lives; the tiger, the panther, the lion, which constitute a recurring menace to man and his bovine wealth. Take even the innocent looking deer or gazelle which causes ceaseless depredation on the fields. What do we want to protect these marauders and pestilences for ? Are our finer feelings going to survive death and destruction ?"

He. "I concede, but partly. Snakes, tigers, panthers and lions are natural enemies of man nor is man their natural food. Human casualties through these wild agencies are, as a rule, few and far between and these occurrences are mere accidents. Even otherwise, accidents do occur, even in civilised cities, in the sanctuary of our own homes. Far too many more human lives are lost through murders, road and transit accidents, casualties in cultural sports and so on. We cannot afford to write off all these sources of occasional tragedy and discard our patronage of them. We are too intimately dependent on our environment, on our transport services, on our cultural activities. Yet far more people benefit through these sources than the few unfortunates who fall

victim. Why, then, make an invidious exception in the case of wild animals alone? Wild creatures, on the whole, are useful to us in more ways than one, though admittedly, they are parasites on our interests now and then. But this is just a way of all life which must be on a *quid pro quo* basis."

She. "Bah ! Useful !! A serpent.....a big cat.....a baboon !!! Oh, fiddlesticks ! I don't think I could ever yield to the utter idiocy of such an implausible philosophy."

He. "Quite true, my dear, you sound perfectly logical ! The useful role of wild animals is by no means an act of calculated or premeditated munificence. Their services to mankind are very real, and a sequel to their instinctive characteristics. For instance, snakes feed on mice, rodents and insects baneful to agriculture; tigers and panthers keep down the population of browsers such as deer and antelope so that the latter's harmful impact on vegetation is kept down to a minimum; birds prey on insects largely injurious to forests, orchards, and field crops; fishes, crabs and lobsters, to mention but a few, rid water of squalor and impurities. These are but a few illustrations which go to prove the indirect utility of wild creatures."

She. "Oh, balderdash! Your tale of *utility* reeks of outrageous savagery. Modern sciences have revolutionised our lives to such an extent and have brought such forces to the service of mankind as would have been thought to be incredibly fantastic a little while ago. Look at electricity, the boiler, the radio, the television and the cosmonauts ! Do we still have to depend upon the indirect charities of reprehensible reptiles and perfidious felines? Can we not induce optimum conditions with the powerful scientific aids at our disposal so as to rid our dependence of these abominable wild rompers?"

He. "But my dear, the indirect services rendered by wild creatures is just one aspect of their existence. A vast variety of animals, birds and fishes, in addition, also provide us with thrill and sport, with food, medicines, furs, skins and bones. These amenities, the modern sciences cannot afford to present. And inspite of their amazing advancement, the modern sciences have not, so far, succeeded in creating a single living being, be it a man, an animal or an insect. Nature stands singularly unadulterated as the sole donor of all forms of life!"

She. "Oh dear, dear ! I see what you mean. *Absolvi meam animam !*"

He. "Grand ! How about a cold drink ?"

She. "Oh, well, I'd love it.....but pardon my intrusion.....What about writing to the Wild Life Society? I believe they are doing something about it."

He. "What, for free literature, lodestar ?"

She. "No. For enrolment !"

TIGER! TIGER! YOU'LL BE MINE

Elusive Tiger the hunt's been hot,
But at last I've found your spot;
Here beneath Karwanda thorn
That's still wet with dew this morn.
The fragrance of this jungle flower,
Perfumes the air of nightly hour.
And you within this thorny stalk
Allowed us to so closely walk
Without the faintest suspicion
That you lay crouched awake within.
And knowing, we you had not spied,
A silent contemptuous word had sighed,
And back to dreams you soon did doze
Until, your feline suspicions rose
At distant beat of beaters' drums
And HAW's and HAO's in unison.
The closer sound of throaty calls
Spelt caution; and did lathi falls
On thicket and Mahua bark,
On Sal, that starts the Summer stark.
The cheetal and the four-horn darted,
When they knew the beat had started.
The peacock glided from his bough,
The scurring piglets and timid sow
Had all gone off to face the line;
And then 'twas just a bid for time.
For who did dare to force you on,
Once he had spied your lair in thorn.
The signal went, and up the trees
Scaled beaters, and up there to freeze.
Until you felt 'twas time to stir,
You snarled and stretched, did catlike purr,

'Twas then they had you on the go,
But you did in this interest show.
Still guarded by experience old,
You valued much your black and gold.
Of skins you have but only one,
And life with you is not quite done.
The line ahead was covered by gun,
And those poor beaters had just none.
So make a dash your mind had said,
And through the beaters you had fled;
To leave this haunted jungle block,
Until it's closed to preserve the stock.
And you'll return as monarchs do,
When they set up a kingdom new.
And here you'll find your food enough,
To kill, as I'd a candle snuff.
You'll fatten here and lick your fur,
Until the Summer of next year;
And then dear friend, if you're about,
When all the beaters for you shout
To leave your lair and face the gun,
Do not attempt another run.
For then, I'll have the proper stop
To prevent another flop.
So lick and let your fur grow thick,
For on the wall your head I'll stick;
Your coat a rug will make me fine,
Dear Felis Tigris, you'll be mine.

"GREENHEAD"

Maj. G.H. Scott

The Cause—As Before

[For those who might feel that we reiterate too often the accepted truths about wild life presentation, we should like to be more striking and original in our ideas.

But, like in literature or politics, an off-repeated platitude can dawn fresh lustre in the hands of a skilled artisan, so here, too we feel the author of this article allows his sincerity to turn some of the dross from the platitudes of conservationist dialectic.—Ed.]

“The Wild life of today is ours to dispose of as we please. We have it in trust. We must account for it to those who come after”—H.M. King George VI.

I have been a shikari for most of my life. I went about collecting species of India's rich fauna almost like a stamp-collector, until I had collected, together with my brother, 35 different species of the big-game animals of India.

But then there came about a sudden change in my life, a revolt within me, so to speak, after which I lost that delight in killing. This act of reformation cannot be attributed to any religious compunction or to the fear of sinning, but to a more logical conclusion in me which asked, “What right have you to help in exterminating a whole species of wild life?” This notion crept into my mind when I was once shooting panthers in Saurashtra some time back. When I was given to understand by experts that there could not be more than 250 panthers in the whole of Saurashtra I began thinking that why am I, one species of life, whose number exceeds 5 million in Saurashtra be shooting another species of life whose number is merely 250? Why is the ratio between man and panther so steep and why is it becoming steeper, why cannot human beings tolerate 250 panthers in Saurashtra and above all why this paradox in the balance of nature of the 5 million killing the 250? Why?

This incident opened my eyes and I started looking around the whole of India evaluating the position of wild life in our country, I could do this because I had been one of the tribe of shikaries and I had had my fill of blood. One “Sets a thief to catch a thief”. After extensive travelling in India I came to the following conclusions:—

1. That no country in the world with the area of the sub-continent of India and Pakistan has a richer, more diverse and greater variety of species of wild animals and birds.
2. That India has lost about 90% of the herbivorous wild animals and about 75% of the carnivorous wild animals since she gained Independence in 1947.
3. That since Independence the Game laws and regulations have been made more stringent and strict.

But the problem is a very simple one in that we are utterly incapable of implementing our Game laws, as far as one can see for the following reasons:—

- (i) Lack of appreciation and interest amongst the ruling party.
- (ii) Lack of coordination between various departments of Government.
- (iii) Lack of incentive amongst Government authorities to detect offences.
- (iv) Lack of fear amongst the poachers in committing offences like poaching, illicit grazing and illicit wood and grass cutting.
- (v) Lack of appreciation of the value of wild life as a national asset by the cultivator and shepherd.
- (vi) Phenomenal growth of population and with it the growth of cultivable area and the corresponding decrease in area where wild life dwell.
- (vii) Disturbance and encroachment by humans in areas where wild life live and breed.
- (viii) Due to the value placed on wild life for meat, skins, horns, hair and tusks.
- (ix) Lack of integrity generally in India.

Some Examples

Now let us take some specific examples of the depletion of wild life. The black buck is the typical Indian antelope and with its long spiral horns and black and white coat presents a beautiful spectacle. The black buck was once the commonest wild animal in India, but now not more than 1% of its total numbers still remain in India and that too in private reserves and on religious grounds, and I have a feeling that within a few years there will not be any black buck left in India. But then we at least have the consolation that this beautiful species will not be extinct from the surface of the earth as they have been introduced into the Argentina and I believe are faring well.

The lion once roamed the whole of north India, north of the Narbada river but with its persecution ever since the Mogul days, they remained alive only in one small enclave known as the Gir forest where in an area of nearly 700 sq. miles they had attained a population of over 250 animals by 1955. Since that day they have started being poisoned by cattle-herders and their numbers have now decreased to under 100 animals, which means that, there are only 100 lions left in the world outside Africa.

The crocodile was once found in vast numbers all over India. In Rajasthan there used to be a few even in the smallest tank or rivulet. Subsequent to the Rajasthan Government giving a contract for killing the crocodile for its skin, hardly any remained in the whole state except for the Tank of Pushkar near Ajmer where they are allowed to live on religious

grounds, but the latest reports say that not a single specimen remains alive even in that holy spot.

Coming to Madhya Pradesh, the police in the anti-dacoit operations there have after so many years not as yet been able to suppress the dacoit menace but within a few years they did manage to kill off all the deer, pig, antelope and gazelle of that region and that too not at day time like sportsmen but at night with Jeeps and spotlamps and not with rifles but with machine guns.

Talking of other herbivorous game there are not more than say about 400 rhinoceros, 1000 wild buffalo, 400 Kashmir stag, 1500 swamp deer and about a dozen markhor left in India. [If even a dozen—Ed.]

Even the carnivorous animals have suffered very heavily in the last few years. For example in the former state of Wankaner there were in 1947, about 25 panthers. Now there are no panthers left within a radius of 50 miles from Wankaner. Another glaring example is that of the Aravalli Range of hills, all the way from Ajmer to Idar, which constitute a vast area covering some 4000 square miles of Udaipur and another 2000 square miles of Dungarpur, Idar, Danta and Palanpur. In 1947 there must have been over 150 tigers in that area while at present there could not be more than 10 in that vast area. In the state of Orissa the tiger is considered a pest and there is a price on its head! Why cannot these tigers be offered to foreign sportsmen and thereby earn revenue?

In Himachal Pradesh the musk deer lived in nullahs at an elevation between 7,000 feet and 12,000 feet. They were once very plentiful until 1947 when they began to be netted by putting nets across valleys and beating these animals into them. Very soon there will be no musk deer left in India. The magnificent ibex which was found all over the highlands of Kashmir, Kangra and Himachal Pradesh will probably live for another 10 years before their final extinction. The Kashmir Government has helped in their extermination by issuing weapon licences freely to 'Gujars' who are the local shepherds and exist on poaching.

Amongst the non-arid countries of the world India ranks the lowest in its per capita area of forest land. Therefore, we cannot afford to export our wood because of its scarcity in India. Even so we are now planning to destroy our best forests under the Dandakaranya Project and thereby completely tilting the balance of nature. No wonder we are experiencing flood havoc in Orissa and I have a feeling that the havoc will increase in intensity not only in the Mahanadi but in the Godavari river as well as the Dandakaranya Project progresses. Besides, with the Dandakaranya Project the 50 odd wild buffalo left in India outside Assam will also disappear into non-existence. Fortunately our Indian buffalo has been introduced in northern Australia and is doing well and thereby obliterating the chance of the species becoming extinct altogether.

The beautiful cheetal and the barking deer have been so completely wiped out of the forests except in National Parks that it is doubtful whether more than 5% of the total 1947-numbers of these species are still in existence. But one redeemable feature is that the cheetal has been introduced into New Zealand and Argentina while the barking deer in England, so there is every possibility of the survival of these two species from complete extinction.

Likewise the wild boar has also suffered very heavy casualties in its numbers. Let us take a specific example of Saurashtra. There was a time when there used to be pigs in every small hillock with euphorbia but since 1947 there could not be more than 10% of its total population left in the region. One could safely say that taking the present rate of depletion into consideration it will take another 10 years before we will only see domestic sows in the streets. This condition applies not only to Saurashtra but the whole country for when a species of animals decrease below a certain number they cannot regenerate again.

Wild life can only survive if they are afforded the following essential features, (a) Seclusion from human interference and encroachment, (b) Nourishment and (c) Cover.

In the olden days certain areas were set aside both in the forests and the plains for wild animals where there were no disturbance from human beings, and where they could live and breed in peace and seclusion. Since independence we have not been able to retain these areas from human encroachment and as a result the wild life that still manage to live in these areas live in a constant panic and the atmosphere created thereby is not conducive to proper breeding and regeneration.

Then again there is a problem of the lack of fodder for the herbivorous wild animals. Except in sanctuaries all Reserves and grasslands that were once preserved have been laid waste by excessive and untimely grazing by domestic animals, thereby leaving nothing behind for the wild animals to feed on.

But the biggest problem is the lack of cover for wild life. Except in National Parks, Reserved Forests and Sanctuaries, the rate of depletion of vegetation since 1947 is something unbelievable as we Indians consider forest wealth as "anybody's wealth" and useful only for making quick profits from illicit cutting. After all who knows the future and why wait for posterity?

Depletion of cover to wild life is like pulling down a man's house and thereby making the area unsuitable for existence. With constant reduction in forest area, with constant over feeding of fodder by domestic animals and with the constant fear of man due to lack of privacy, what other effect could there be on wild life than the constant reduction in their numbers? And under these precarious conditions, when the number of a certain species of wild life decreases below a certain level, they are doomed to perish.

AN APPRAISAL OF THE SITUATION

When one sits and thinks why we are losing our precious wild life since 1947 when we have had powerful weapons to kill animals in this country for the last 60 years, the answer is that the powerful weapons took a toll of a very small proportion of wild life and on the contrary, as long as the owners of these powerful weapons ruled India, the muzzle-loader dared not fire, which was a boon to wild life. In any district it could easily be said now that there are 1000 muzzle-loaders to every one powerful weapon. One powerful weapon could kill say 5 lives on a Sunday but the 1000 muzzle loaders could kill many lives daily.

It seems ridiculous when one contemplates that we now think it fashionable to talk of "Ahimsa" and mercy when we ourselves, since the day we received responsible Government, have become so irresponsible as to destroy our own heritage. With this end in view my pleading to the people of India is a very basic appeal. We can, of course, appreciate that in a budding and poverty stricken country like ours we are susceptible to every form of blunders, blunders in our planning, blunders in our work and blunders in our way of life. After all, to err is human, but the argument is that these blunders are reparable; money squandered could be re-earned; reputation lost could be re-built; loss of property due to catastrophe could be reconstructed and the loss of human life could be reproduced; but how are we going to replace extinct species of life?

This is irreplaceable. No scientist is going to produce a black buck and no biologist can produce a cheetal by selective breeding of other deer. These are lost for ever like the pre-historic dinosaurs and the mythical dodo and we home-sapiens of today would be entirely responsible for their extinction.

Is it that we humans are so ignorant that we are killing off other species of life like ours in our ignorance? Or is it that we are so selfish for land that we cannot allow them even small reserves to dwell in peace and seclusion? Or is it that we are so hungry that we want to eat up all our wild life? Or are we so blood-thirsty that we cannot stand the sight of a living wild animal and must shoot for sport? If these be true would it not be justifiable for us to reflect and reconsider whether we ourselves are fit or unfit for existence?

Now I shall give my suggestions for finding a solution to a practical approach to wild life preservation, for we cannot preserve wild life by more legislation.

At this stage one would have to confess that the conservation of wild life is very much linked up with local politics. As I can see there are three methods, (a) by instilling fear of severe punishment amongst the people for any offence, as had been the case in the princely days in India. But we now consider ourselves capable of self-government and we cannot tolerate that fear complex; so this remedy is out of question; (b) by working on the sympathy of the people and imploring them to be merciful to a vanishing living specimen.

But we in India are not so charitable nor so understanding as to appreciate this method, (c) by educating the people and instructing them to appreciate the value of wild life and by teaching them to grow up to be good citizens; but this is a very lengthy process and if at all it succeeds it would be after generations by which time there would be no wild life left for us to set eyes upon.

Consequently I gave up thinking in terms of any suggestions for preservation and consoled my mind by travelling India with my cameras and telephoto lenses taking photographs of wild animals. These photographs to me have the same value as those taken of an ageing and ailing grandmother, whose only record to refreshen one's memory would be those few last photographs taken just in time.

USEFULNESS OF WILD LIFE

Many of us more materialistic minded would like to ask what earthly use do wild animals have towards the progress and development of human society. The materialist would argue that the question of the co-relationship of wild life to the balance of nature is meaningless and hollow. They would argue that tigers should be killed because they are a menace to domestic animals. If, by killing the tigers, the number of panthers increase, you kill the panthers off as well and if by killing the panthers the number of jackals increase you kill the jackals and if by killing the jackals the number of hares go up and ruin your crops then you kill all the hares. The problem is as simple as all that!! We could ask such people that "why don't you kill your ageing and ailing grandmother, which would solve your food problem, medical problem and accommodation problem?"

Wild life has an invaluable aesthetic value. No scene of nature is complete without a wild animal. One specimen of wild animal could be graceful while the other indecorous, one courageous while the other timid, one cunning while the other stupid, one swift while the other sluggish and one trusting while the other untrustworthy. It is amazing how human animal values are. There is so much to learn from wild animals as well, and they represent all the innate instincts of man.

This does not mean that our poor wild animal has no commercial value as well. With some adequate advertisement I am positive that Sportsmen in North America or for that matter from anywhere in the world would pay at least the following for each head of game animal, provided it is a male animal of good dimensions and even female animals would fetch half the price, if not more;

Wild buffalo	Rs. 5,000	Indian lion	Rs. 6,000
Tiger	Rs. 3,000	Bison	Rs. 4,000
Panther	Rs. 1,000	Swamp deer	Rs. 2,000
Black buck	Rs. 500	Ibex	Rs. 5,000

and similar charges for other game but, even at this price, heads should not be taken beyond the capacity of the species to replace themselves. Other large animals like elephants and rhinoceros would fetch anything upto Rs. 25,000 each, if captured alive.

Let us take a glaring example of national loss even in terms of money. There were over 250 lions in 1955 and nearly 150 have been poisoned within 5 years. Some of these lions could have been offered to foreign sportsmen and the Government could have earned valuable exchange. Another useful point is that if foreigners begin to pay the above amounts for shooting these animals our people will start appreciating the value of these animals and might be tempted to preserve them for the sake of future sport.

SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR PRESERVATION

There have been no end of suggestions made from all angles for the preservation of wild life so I feel that I may also throw in a few more for what they are worth.

- (1) Most damage is done by the use of ammunition like the 12-bore and 20-bore LG, SG, SSG, BB and No. 1 shots. I would suggest that import licence holders should be specifically instructed not to import this ammunition which could actually be a saving to our foreign exchange. The Army ordinance factory should also be instructed not to manufacture these types of ammunition. The sale of such ammunition should also be prohibited.
- (2) There should be very stiff fines exacted for the reported poaching of wild animals and birds, which should be more than the amount put as the value of its official shooting licence. Along with the fine the weapon of the offender should also be confiscated. The full amount of fine would be given to the person or persons who have detected the crime and have proven it. This would give a tremendous incentive to both authorised and non-authorised persons to catch offenders and bring them to book.
- (3) The Forest Department and Wild Life Preservation Department should be given the privilege of holding their own courts, having their own judges; on the same basis as the new Vikendrakaran Scheme of the Panchayat Raj. This would expedite justice, give full authority to the forest department to impose fines on illicit poachers, graziers, grass cutters, wood cutters, contractors and others. These courts should be located in every Mahal or Taluka varying from 2 to 10 in every District. This court should have the powers of 2 months' rigorous imprisonment, of fining upto Rs. 10,000.00, of cancelling weapon licences, of confiscating individual property and of confiscating and auctioning domestic livestock.

- (4) Fines should be refunded immediately to the person or persons detecting and reporting the crime, once the crime has been proven and confirmed. The actual realisation of fines by the Forest Courts from the offender would take place later in due course.
- (5) There should be very much more publicity in the rural areas towards wild life preservation. Leaflets should be printed by the forest department in vernacular giving the new rules and regulations and displayed at several places in the village such as the Panchayat office, religious places and village centres.
- (6) Every village or group of hamlets with an aggregate population of say 5,000 persons would have an elected game warden for a period of 4 years with a pay of Rs. 5 per month, who would also be entitled to claiming fines for detecting crime. It would be these men who would bring to bay the local muzzle loader, snarer and the abuser of forest produce.
- (7) The Forest Department should finance lecture tours in selected villages advocating the purport of wild life preservation. Such tours would definitely have their educational values.
- (8) The Government should put up the weapon licence fees fourfolds and should be prepared to buy back muzzle-loaders as scrap, if offered voluntarily.
- (9) No Government Official should be given shooting permits without special sanction. This rule should also be made known in the district for it is often the Collector, army officers, police officers and above all the forest staff themselves that poach.
- (10) The Forest Department should stop wasting money on afforestation and plantation and 'Vana Mahotsava', for there is no point in trying to grow trees when the department is incapable of preserving the existing ones. On the contrary if they should concentrate on conservation, regeneration would take care of itself.
- (11) There should be a paid game warden in each district having a Jeep and also having a share in the fines imposed on detection of offences. All weapon licences, shooting licences and wood cutting contracts should be canalised through him.
- (12) In some European countries the Police have been endowed with power to directly handle cases of poaching. A policeman is entitled to fine a person £ 50 and confiscation of weapons even upon suspicion of poaching. Subsequently, if in the regular legal proceedings the verdict is guilty, the person would be fined either more or less than £ 50 according to the default. If the person is proved innocent the amount is refunded.

Such strict measures would be indispensable in a country like India and we should also reimburse the whole fine personally to the persons who have detected the crime.

- (13) The Crop-protection weapons which are licensed freely throughout India are responsible for most of the poaching. My suggestion is to saw-off the barrels of these muzzle-loaders so that they are only capable of making a loud noise and scare away the wild animals that come to feed in the cultivator's field but cannot kill it.
- (14) I feel that the Government of India should sell some of the country's exotic wild animals to the Governments of the U.S.A., Canada, Australia, New Zealand and Argentina, provided they pay handsomely for them and purchase them for the purpose of introducing them within their country for colonisation. These countries have vast uninhabited areas and can well afford to accommodate new species that are on the verge of extinction in the old world.
- (15) Above all what is required most is an iron hand from the highest authority that would harmonise and co-ordinate the policies of the Central Ministry of Food and Agriculture with the interests of the State Governments and thereby embark upon a joint venture with one common aim which is a prevention of India's various species of wild life from disappearance from the surface of this earth.
- (16) To create a new ministry at the centre for the Conservation of Nature and Natural Resources.

SANCTUARIES AND GAME PRESERVES

The Indian Board of wild life has done and continues to do useful work in creating and maintaining sanctuaries and game preserves. In this context I have one suggestion to make which is to find finance in fencing as much of the existing wild life preserves as feasible, particularly the preserves in open country.

There is need for 4 more black buck preserves in India, one in the Punjab, one in Andhra, one in Rajasthan and one in U.P. All these should be fenced so that no motorist could enter them while the bucks could jump in and out. The black buck preserve in the Bhal in Bhavnagar District, Gujarat, should also be fenced.

There should also be 3 or 4 National Parks in the Higher Himalayas to preserve the rare and magnificent wild animals of that region. These Parks could only be effectively preserved if human entry in the preserve would be allowed only with the sanction of the warden.

There is also the need of large preserves for the Great Indian Bustard, which is India's largest resident game bird, one of the most beautiful and unfortunately one of the slowest breeding, in Rajasthan and Saurashtra. In Saurashtra there are less than 75 of these grand birds in existence which is hardly a 6 month quota for poachers once they find out their location!

Generally speaking, our National Parks are fairly well maintained except for the Gir Forest of Gujarat and the Manas Game sanctuary of Assam, wherein I am freshly conversant with the problems. In the Gir Forest there is the immediate necessity to prevent the lions from extinction caused by mass poisoning. In the Manas, I saw one of the most fascinating parks of my life. No park in the world of the area of Manas has a greater variety of species of wild animals. In types of scenery and vegetation it is also unique and Mathonguri is one of the most picturesque Forest Bungalows I have ever visited. It is very unfortunate that the Assam Government is not making optimum use of this park as a tourist centre and cannot prevent the park from losing animals like the Cheetal, Swamp deer, rhinoceros and gharial which are on the verge of complete extermination from that region.

Introspection

We should not advocate the ban on shooting and hunting. There is no sport so healthy, exciting and exhilarating as shooting and hiking wherein one has the opportunity of knowing and appreciating Nature and also to be in proximity to Nature in all her infinite glory. Shooting inspires that sporting spirit and also that spirit of adventure in man. Let us find delight in shooting, but let us also beware of one small point, that is if our conscience tells us that by pressing the trigger we are expediting the extinction of a species of life then let wisdom prevail upon us and let us not press the trigger.

A friend of mine once quoted that "The evolution of the human race from the ape is a faulty evolution and is unfit to exist", which at that moment sent me into peals of laughter and I, of course, accused him of dire genocide. Besides, who was he to evaluate the existence of man? But when I sat back to contemplate the subject the first question that came to my mind was whether it was a programme of Nature to replace all wild life with human colonisation? Could this be a step towards the progressive evolution of life on this planet?

I obtained the answer almost immediately. Does the evolution of man merely imply the rapid multiplication of the numbers of this species? On the contrary it should imply an evolution towards better and more knowledgeable human beings. By 1937 most of the wild life in the U.S.A. had been shot out; but then the Government with the aid of public support and Nature Societies, enforced strict conservation measures and at present there is more wild life than ever before and it is still on the increase. The Americans are proud of their wild life

which is their National asset and the scheme for conservation has worked very successfully there. Does this imply that the process of human evolution in the U.S.A. has been reversed?

Then why are we allowing our National asset to wither away? Why do we humans consider that ours is the only species of mammal worthy of existence in India? Does our historical and ethical background encourage us to do away with all wild mammals? If not could it be that it is only recently that we have begun to adopt a persecution that is not only contrary to the evolution of human genius but reflects on the dignity of man! If we cannot appreciate the concept of the balance of Nature, would not Mother Nature be justified in reprimanding us humans for our selfish and bloody acts by mass reduction of our own over-swollen numbers through pestilence, earth-quakes, flood havoc, famines or by the hydrogen bomb itself?

Yuvraj Digvijay Singh
of Wankaner.

Shooting Macqueens Bustard in Arabia

Bustard shooting requires much patience, energy, and a great amount of tact. One hasty move, and the bird has flown far out of range and the whole business of careful stalking and encircling has to start all over again. This, of course, is not the case in places where birds are found in considerable numbers, and the method is reduced to the 'aids' of a hawk and a jeep.

Many years ago, I once had the rare opportunity of being invited out for a bustard shoot by the Political Agent in Kuwait. It was all arranged over the lunch table and all my share of the "bando" consisted of providing a jeep,—he said he'd do the rest.

Arriving at the British Agency early next morning after an early breakfast, we set out. There were the two of us and an old Bedouin with a hawk, hooded, and one foot tied to the Bedouin's crudely gloved hand. This was all new to me and I did not realise that it would be as comfortable as it turned out. The Bedouin directed the driver, and we motored to the subhka flats, which took about 30 minutes of fast driving to reach.

The country in which these bustards lived was flat subhka desert. There were scattered patches of the shrub in which the bustard hid, and on which they fed.

We stopped on the edge of one of these patches and got ready. The old Bedouin stood up in the jeep, surveyed the patch of subhka, and then unhooded his hawk. The bird ruffled his feathers and looked around. The thong was slipped from his foot. He outstretched his wings, pouted his chest, and seemed to declare, "Ha Boy!—this is it!" There were no traces of any form of life, although the bustard were there, and they had seen us. The hawk could not see the birds that were lying low on the soil under the subhka. The old Bedouin then let out one of his shrill calls to distract the bustard. This made them poke their heads up so that the hawk would know where to make his attack. The call was "Oou! Waa! Oou!" and repeated two or three times. It was very impressive in the extreme stillness of the desert to hear the shrill cry.

All of a sudden, there was a flap of wings, and the hawk had taken-off. He had spotted a bustard. Far away, about 500 yards ahead, the hawk perched on the subhka. Off we went around the subhka to as close as we could to the spot. We got out of the jeep and approached the hawk, suddenly, from under the subhka, not more than ten paces from the hawk, out flew a bustard. We dropped him easily. This procedure we continued, except when the hawk, after taking-off, hit his target, in which case, we saw only a flutter of pinkish feathers to which we raced, and prevented the hawk from gorging himself. It was interesting to watch the securing of the hawk. The Bedouin approached gently, holding a bunch of old bustard feathers, gradually sitting down while the hawk paid attention to the bunch of feathers approaching him, the Bedouin very deftly and gradually covered the now dead bustard with his long shirt, and in doing so, skilfully caught his hawk which was seated on the bustard.

There were occasions when we approached the seated hawk, and before we could stop and alight from the jeep, the bustard was gone. It did call for a quick shot, but we had to be extremely careful not to hit or injure the hawk which simply darted at the bustard at the first sign of his presence.

Though the bustard has a slow and laboured wing beat, he flew extremely fast, but was not out of the way, or too high, before he came tumbling to earth with the hawk. It was amazing the manner in which the hawk with deftness and accuracy struck the bustard on the top of his head. It was all so quick and hardly noticeable, as, once he contacted, it was to result in a melee of pink and yellowish brown feathers.

Once we thought the hawk had decided to find a new home. He flew out of sight much to the consternation of our Bedouin companion. He had reason to be perturbed, especially that trained hawks are almost unobtainable, and then at the fabulous price of Rs. 3,000 or more. The Political Agent was thinking loudly as to what he will have to pay as compensa-

tion, when, looking through my binoculars, I noticed in a completely bare desert patch, the familiar flash of pink. I saw it quite clearly then, there was the hawk tussling with a bustard, while three others stood a few yards away in the open and watched their companion fight a fatal battle.

It is strange, that a Macqueens bustard which is so much bigger and heavier, and with strong legs which could trample a hawk, does no more harm than attempt to temporarily blind his attacker, and try to get away. He fans his tail like a turkey, turns around, and attempts to defaecate on the hawk's eyes to blind him. As fantastic as this may seem, it is a fact. Often the Bedouin's treasure was returned to his master's gloved perch covered all down his chest with blinding discharge.

We returned with five birds to fill the Agency larder. The two claimed by the hawk were his master's takings. The whole outing lasted four hours, and though it might read as no fun, on the contrary, it was something which required preparation on the part of our dauntless tribesman and his slave. For our part, we had to be patient, and stealthily approach the subhka patches, and above all, tolerate our companion who did not have the word BATH in his vocabulary. In spite of the desert wind, his presence was very prominent.

The Bedouins do their bustard shikar in a similiar manner, except that their propulsion is camel-power, and ours was horse-power! I understand that five bustards is hardly a token bag when compared with those of the Sheiks of Arabia. They do not think much of a shoot which returns anything under five hundred bustards. No wonder the bustard sounds like a bird spoken of only in fairy tales. But what is more, when they have a periodic gathering, collecting from many miles around to feast, the bustards slaughtered are counted in the thousands, and gazelle in the hundreds. The menu is below standard unless the odd young camel is cooked as the delicacy. Sheep, black partridge and imperial sand grouse serve as the garnishings.

Major G.H. Scott.

The Black Himalayan Mauler

Ten thousand feet above sea level, in the heart of the Himalayan mountains of India is nestled a deep sapphire blue lake in the midst of a heavily wooded valley. With the sources of the great Ganges and Jamuna rivers a few miles away on either side of the ridge, leading to the glistening dome-like summit of Bandar Punch (The Monkey's Tail) towering above to a height of almost twenty-one thousand feet, and the vast wilderness of snow peaks and crackling, roaring ice formations beginning four miles up the ridge, this lake and its surrounding country is, indeed, a veritable paradise for hunters, fishermen, and nature-lovers.

Two years ago, for the first time in my twenty six years in India, I was able to realize an ambition to visit both this lake of Dodital and climb four miles towards Bandar Punch, which peak, I have been told, Roy Greenwood and Tensing have climbed. The second trip there I made in May, taking along with me my family and some friends. The people of Uttarkashi, twenty miles from Dodital, were amazed to see what they called the "first lorry" or any vehicle larger than a jeep make the last eighteen miles from Darasu to Uttarkashi.

I returned in October with my brother Gordon, Edgar, a native who acted as our personal shikari, and a Latvian missionary, Earnest Zingers, who knows enough Tibetan to make friends with those people. He would make them laugh by his jovial spirit, sticking his tongue out at them, as is their custom of friendly greetings. I had obtained a shooting pass for Dodital area, and was intent on hunting high altitude game for a few days.

On Friday evening we arrived with a few monal pheasants which Edgar had shot. The official "chowkidar" (watchman) of the forest bungalow, a combination guard and poacher, told us about a nasty black bear that had attacked the last party, showing us claw-marks on the door and the smashed-up porch roof and window panes. He did not tell us that it was probably the bear which he, himself, had wounded.

Saturday morning we were all so loaded with wonderful dreams in that high and fresh jungle air that we started relating them to each other in a hilarious mood and we didn't seem too anxious to get off to an early start as planned. We may have been affected by a light dose of "nushe ki buti," a narcotic weed of the high Himalayas which is known to make passers-by swoon or even become unconscious. I am beginning to believe that there is a more naturalistic explanation to the intense fervour that is revealed by the many pilgrims, in the high Himalaya than is generally known. Many "holy men" have experienced pleasurable dreams and a blissful state that I felt every time I went into that "holy" area near the source of the Ganges. I have never dreamt so much since childhood, and all the dreams were pleasant

ones, except notably Edgar's uncanny prophetic dream of a black snake attacking him for which he called to me for help, and together we finished it off.

It was after 8 a.m. when it was decided that my brother would take the local shikari (the chowkidar) in one direction, and I would take Edgar, our own personal shikari in the other direction. Our Latvian friend had come to see the famous lake, fish, cook, and take pictures, so he didn't join either party. Edgar and I immediately picked up a fresh bear track on the other side of the lake and followed it up the valley carefully. When we approached the timber line only half a mile up, there was very little shrubbery even in the valley to conceal a black bear, so we concentrated more on the rocky slopes for thar and bharal (wild goat and big horned blue sheep). As we left the darker pine forests and entered a reddish brown type of shrub jungle I told Edgar that red or brown bear were generally considered more dangerous than black and we were getting into their territory. Nevertheless, the large variety of Himalayan black bear (with the typical large white V collar) is considered very dangerous, often attacking unprovoked, and seldom failing to maul a man's face badly.

Edgar had shot about seven leopards himself, and my brother had witnessed his bravery in crawling into a thicket to finish off a wounded leopard. I had just a few months previously experienced his willingness to follow me up a narrow ravine after a large male tiger which showed signs of possibly being a man-eater by bullet and porcupine wounds. It had killed a yoke of oxen a farmer had been plowing with at the edge of a village where there were no trees, and, for three days, had ward off all efforts to chase it away. We quietly entered the ravine where he was eating his prey, and evidently he realized our approach, so slipped around the corner up the other ravine to a point of vantage. We saw this from the fresh water splashings. When the tiger started his downward charge, I nailed it on the head, and Edgar ran up to my side to try to get his shot in, while all the villagers fled away in panic, though already a hundred yards away.

We had just come through one hundred and twenty-five yards of open valley lit up brightly by the morning sun, when my eyes crossed our path's end at a boulder only twenty yards away. There ! A hideous black head was silhouetted, half hidden behind the boulder, quite in contrast to the white patches of snow behind. "Was the abominable snow-man facing me ?" Momentarily flashed across my mind. But when he saw my wandering eyes fasten their gaze on him and my three hundred magnum rising, his small bead-like eyes came ablaze. Then I noticed his most evil look as his head came up and his lips were contorted into many nasty rippling wrinkles. Hastily he shuffled and heaved up tremendous shoulders to mount over the rock for the attack. Off went my safety as he let out the most unimaginable blood-curdling combination of a shriek and roar. Without a second of abatement, even his inhaling had a loud gasping rasp between the "c-e-e-a-u-r-c-e-e-a-u-r, e-c-e-e-a-u-r !" Up went my

gun automatically into place as he started his thunderous charge, which seemed (especially through my rifle scope) like a black locomotive bearing down right closely and whistling frantically to clear the tracks. But I could not locate any vital spot on the violently bobbing black mass that entirely filled my scope. He covered about forty feet with the first three lunging e-e-e-a-r-s-, and I wanted so badly to get that first shot into a vital spot, so I finally pulled the gun away half-way to my waist and fired a pointing shot, without butt rest, at his exposed chest as he started his last lunge, hoping that this high powered rifle would have enough punch to at least knock this brute down for an instant so that we could finish him off with other shots.

The beast's rage was complete, his adrenalina shot to the level of "do-or-die." He came hurtling down upon us, running like a huge gorilla mostly on his hind legs with arms outstretched, threatening to tear us apart with long claws. It was quite clear now that nothing but his death or the death of both of us would deter him. Probably he had smelt us following him up, so picked a suitable point of vantage, for he could easily have disappeared into one of two ravines at the fork from which he began his charge. So it was evidently with premeditated deliberation that this demon laid in wait for us and watched us coming up below him, letting us come as close as possible, bent on crushing both of us in one nasty charge.

I expected the seven foot, six hundred pound brute to crumble with the terrific shock of near three thousand foot pounds muzzel energy, but he hardly staggered with his great momentum. Leaping to the right, I whirled around in the next step while bolting the next shell in. I expected the bear to whirl also upon me, or be shot by my shikari if he had not fled in panic, as did my father's shikari once in a similar predicament. But, Edgar stood only about five yards behind me, and I am sure that he stepped forward to meet the enemy as I jumped aside to clear the way for his shot. As I whirled I heard Edgar's shot, and saw the bear go down for the first time on its front legs and start its roll about ten feet from Edgar and me.

Edgar relaxed, half turned to get away from its rolling momentum, but the bear had made up its mind to do, and then die. Its brain had not been blasted, nor had his adrenalin abated. He barely hit the ground with his front legs when, to our horror, he sprang viciously to catch Edgar, who lithely evaded the bear's first lunge and got off on a fast start straight down the path yelling, "Sahib-ji, bachao! Sahib-ji, bachao!" ("Oh, Sahib, save! Oh, Sahib, save!") The bear got between Edgar and me so quickly, I dared not shoot, realizing that the bullet could be more dangerous to my friend than an instant of bear mauling.

Now I felt my adrenalin shoot to levels of anger I have perhaps never experienced before. I charged down on the bear yelling, expecting to distract him, but he was hot on Edgar's

heels. Then Edgar stumbled on a boulder as the bear seemed to smash him down with its right paw; but Edgar whirled left to get in his last shot (which was only large bird-shot), as the left paw was coming toward his face. This broke the bear's left paw, and Edgar staggered forward a few more steps. I closed in vigorously on the bear from only a few yards behind, intending to shoot when I had thrust him in the ribs with the gun and about two hundred pounds of weight. I was all fired up now to kill our enemy at all costs, and had determined to use my gun as a bayonet before shooting. When I saw that I could not distract it even by my shouting only a few yards from it, and when it leaped again at Edgar as he threw his gun into its face, it got him completely down this time; my momentum was full and unchecked as his head went down for the bite. I leaped at him for the kill and jabbed my magnum with all my strength into the side of his ribs with the intent that the bullet not go through top to bottom to hurt my friend but into the opposite shoulder; this also had the effect of bowling the bear off Edgar as I followed through on my gun, pushing for about two yards until I had pushed the bear over a seven foot boulder before I could bolt to load again.

Edgar adds this to the story, that when he felt the bear getting on to him the last time, he threw the gun into its face and grabbed the front paws. So when it bit down on his face, he buried his face toward his chest. Thus the bear was unable to hook his lower teeth into Edgar's palate or mandible. He said he felt no pain in the excitement, but only felt its teeth clash with his. When he heard my shot, it seemed to give him more strength so with a mighty heave with both his legs he rolled the bear off. He quickly jumped free, back a few steps and grabbed his gun.

The bear still had not had enough, but was trying to scramble back over the boulder at us. Realizing my advantage on the rock, I kept jabbing at his snout because my next bullet had jammed in the excitement. He finally turned and tried to make his get away up the opposite bank, but couldn't make it.

I looked at Edgar and saw his mangled face, blood streaming down all over his front, so that at first it seemed worse than it really was. The bear's lower teeth had clashed with Edgar's opening the gum up with a scraping movement along the alveolar bone. This met the downward tear of its upper teeth that started at the left side of the bridge of the nose, crossed over and opened up both nostrils so that the main continuous rip through the middle of the right upper lip lay aside all his nose and upper lip. The bear had almost pulled his nose off completely if I had not shot it in that instant. However, I was relieved to see him so ready to shoot again, so I said, "You finish this devil off. He's done you the harm." Only after he saw my look of horror at his blood streaming and felt with his hand that it was his nose and upper lip hanging from his face, he said, "I'm becoming dizzy. Here, you take my gun and finish it." He had already loaded, so I finished the awful beast off with buck

shot to the brain as it was lying gasping its last. Immediately we went down on our knees, clasped each other and thanked God for His protection. I said to Edgar, "You saved my life! I could hardly have handled this bear without you." He answered, "You saved my life."

I quickly removed one of my ankle wraps to stop his excessive bleeding and to spare him from the jarring effect of the half mile descent to the camp over big boulders. I told him to get on my back, and he started to, but when I assured him that he would be all right and even his face repaired, and that "now you are a 'pakka' shikari" (seasoned hunter), he actually smiled and said, "now my dizziness is gone, and I can walk". So we walked down together as I supported him over the rough boulder strewn slippery gorge. Throughout this ordeal and the subsequent operation he shed no tear, only groaning occasionally. I have treated many Indian patients without an anaesthetic that have showed great control to endure pain, but Edgar was superb in this. He is as brave a man as you'll see; and raring as much as ever to go after the most dangerous game, even Himalayan black bear on foot in the densest jungles. I have tried to impress on him that he is too daring. Now he is begging me to bring some American hunting parties to India.

We were back in camp about 9 a.m. Our rugged friend, Ernest, was scared out of his wits (and he's got plenty of them). He immediately suggested a twenty mile trek back to a hospital in Uttarkashi, and offered to take him. I then had to exercise my persuasive powers and told him that I felt responsible for this man, and I knew I could do the proper surgery job on a fresh wound up in that ideal atmosphere, especially with my knowledge and experience of oral surgery; while I refused to be responsible for subjecting him to the trauma of a twenty mile hike through heat, dust, and pathogenic germs. I would agree to nothing, but cleaning the wound and suturing it up as quickly as possible. Earnest cooperated in getting our first aid kit together, and boiling a few instruments. We annealed a regular straight needle by making it red hot in a fire, and after bending it to the right curvature, we tempered it in water. We gave him some morphine and penicillin. The operating theatre was the clean out-of-doors, not polluted by the filthy atmosphere of human habitation, but cleansed by God-given Ozone and Oxygen from millions of stately evergreens. After cleaning and sterilizing things, I sutured the gum together inside the mouth, the mucosa under the lip and outward, fitting the cartilaginous tissue of the nose back into position, removing a few small ragged pieces. The operation took about an hour, so I was finished at about 11 a.m. While I was operating Ernest got some coloured pictures on 35 mm and 16 mm movie camera which I now have and use most effectively. He was convinced that I had done the best job that could be done. This was all over before my brother returned from his hunt. A few days later we were all thankful that we didn't take him to the hospital, for there they had

been treating three victims of bear maulings for months the patients and relatives complained. Two had come from the same large valley and general area of our bear and died later. All had developed septic conditions. In fact one face was developing a gangrenous necrosis. When the news got around of our case four other mauled victims showed us their hideously scarred faces.

After a hail storm that afternoon my brother suggested going up at 3 p.m. to collect the bear. Edgar and I had not even gone to the bear to inspect it. We had experienced enough, and were only satisfied that it was dead. I led the party up. The bear was half covered with snow, his eyes still blood shot a fiery red. We soon noted that all of our five shots had connected with it, besides two previous (muzzle loader) shot gun wounds. My first rifle shot could hardly have gone straighter to the centre of his chest at the point of his big, white V-collar. Edgar's large buckshot were imbedded in the neck muscles, and his second bird-shot at muzzle range had shattered its left wrist. My bayonet charge shot showed the gun to have gone in some too, and the final buckshot pellets entered the skull.

But the right shoulder seemed very peculiarly distorted, and upon opening it up I found a homemade muzzle loader's ball that had broken it about a year previously. I turned to the poacher guard and said, "This looks like yours", and started to tell him off.

He had been looking very grim, started to shudder, but with a smirky smile he confessed, "yes, Sahib", and then the story started to come out. He then added thankfully that it was fortunate the younger shikari was with me that morning rather than he, as he was not carrying his gun. When we skinned to the back we found some more large buckshot, and I turned again to ask, "Is this yours too?"

He grinned again and confessed some more, adding, "That's also the bear I shot raiding our granery a few months ago".

I said, "You rascal, what kind of aguard are you? You at least ought to have told us that this nasty bear around here was a wounded one, and even wounded by you".

When we got back to camp our other friend got in his dig. Pointing at the guard in front of Edgar, he said, "You are an 'uloo!' " (an owl). In India it is very disrespectful to call anyone owl, because the common Indian owl looks and acts very foolishly with a gawky staring, chattering and bobbing mannerism.

The guard immediately answered, "Yes, Sahib".

The Sahib quickly added in Hindustani, "Moreover, you are the father of all the 'uloos' around here".

The guard hastened to add humbly, "Yes, Sahib". Edgar suddenly grabbed his taped up face and could not refrain from laughing, and laughed so much that he said his stitches hurt.

When we saw that this whole experience had so shaken the guard that he kept mumbling repentance and feared going off into the jungle alone, we believed he was becoming a changed man. We gave him a good "bakshish" (tip) besides the full gall bladder of the bear, out of which they claim to get great medicinal value. Knowing that there could hardly be a better man to scout that area than the oldest local shikari, who took an interest in still covering the ground with every party that comes for whatever bakshish they will give, we registered no severe complaint against him in his government register book, which might have cost him his job. He beamed his broadest smile as he realized that we did not wish to ruin his lifelong career and intended to return again.

My new shikari, Edgar, is now a very happy man, sporting a noticeable scar from his heroic encounter with the notoriously vicious Himalayan black bear. He shows a healthier respect for these than leopards and tigers. Now he has the same features, hardly a scar, and no raised portion of scar tissue; he has just a pigmented line that marks the main rip of which he is mighty proud. The tales of his bravery have spread far and wide as people visit the man who wrestled with the mad bear. He always beams when I refer to him as a "pakka shikari".

Dr. John C. Taylor, Jr.

[P.S. This story is dedicated to warn nature-lovers about the unpredictable, hot and devastating temper of the Himalayan black bear, especially when he is startled or wounded.

I have verified Jim Corbett's experience a few times by seeing these big Blacks have the nerve to feed on big male tiger's kills and even keep them off. I can also vouch for the truth of the saying that these bears plug up big gapping wounds with paws full of leaves as they make their getaway. His intelligence must be among the top ones in the animal kingdom; because he is commonly tamed by Indians to do many tricks and performances without cage. He is truly a remarkable animal and worthy of our utmost respect and honour and should rank high on the adventurous sportsman's list of desirable trophies, because he usually provides a real thrill.—J.C.T.]

Distribution and Migration of Tor Putitora

BY DR. M.B. LAL,

Head of the Zoology Department, D.A.V. College, Dehra Dun.

DISTRIBUTION:

Tor putitora is found all along the Himalayas. According to Day (3)* this species is found in rivers on and around Himalayas, Kashmir, Sikkim and Assam. David (4) reports that Mahaseer is available in the Mahanadi river near the Huma sanctuary (South India). It was also reported from Ningpo in China by McClelland (7). The eastern limits of Mahaseer are extensive but vague. It certainly exists in Burma. The western boundary of the Indian Mahaseer is clearly defined. They exist in the Hub and other rivers of the Karachi coast. They are found in the rivers of Baluchistan, Waziristan in the Gomal, Gunti and the Kurram. It has also been reported from Afghanistan. It is not found and recognized in the Helmand river or in the tributaries of the Oxus river. 'It does not occur in any of the Kabul and Kohistan streams which are drained dry by the irrigation canals', (Codrington (2)). Thus it may be said to be widely distributed in India, Burma and Ceylon, occurring abundantly in mountainous or rocky streams.

MIGRATION:

The migratory habits of Mahaseer are well known. It ascends against the current in the flooded streams and returns to its original haunt with the receding floods. Several reasons of migration have been put forward.

It is generally believed that Mahaseer ascend the rivers and hill-streams for breeding. Beevan (1) remarked, "When the rains begin these fishes commence moving up the streams for spawning purposes." The conditions may not always be favourable as for example when the floods are either caused by the monsoon rains or by the melting of the snows. Temperature is generally an essential factor in determining the breeding season, and the melted snow which greatly lowers the temperature of the water, does not induce breeding. MacDonald (6) has attributed these movements to the changes in temperature of water from season to season.

*The number in brackets refers to the serial number of the literature cited at the end.

The safety of spawn may be one of the guiding factors for migration. The fish probably move upstream seeking more congenial surroundings for spawning and for the development of spawn during the monsoon period when their summer haunts are flooded.

Yet another factor responsible for migration appears to be food. During the monsoon period when all the rivers and streams are flooded, it becomes difficult to find the essential food material and the fish, therefore, migrate into the shallow waters up the stream. Thus breeding, safety of spawn and abundance of the food and space are regarded as the main causes for migration.

With a view to ascertaining whether migration is for purposes of breeding, the gonads of fish caught during different months of the year were examined. The fish is scarce and usually not available at lower altitudes during the monsoon period, i.e., from July to the middle of September. In October, fingerlings of different sizes were netted from the river Jamuna near Choharpur (District Dehra Dun). Results of fishing in Song and Ray rivers (small streams in Dehra Dun district) were also similar. The local fishermen stated that small fish are the first to arrive in September and the last to leave in June. All the fish collected during the months of April, May and June were, on dissection found to possess ova in different stages of maturity, dependent mainly on the age of the fish. The Mahaseers caught during winter, on the other hand had undeveloped gonads. It may, therefore, be concluded that during floods the fish leaves its normal summer habitat for the breeding grounds which lie higher up the streams.

Limits of migration in relation to altitude are significant in the ecology of *Tor putitora* which is found all over in the rivers of the northern region along the Himalayas. During breeding season, i.e., from July to September, it is not found in the rivers of the lower altitude. The author tried to catch this fish during this season but did not succeed in obtaining any fish in the rivers around Dehra Dun. According to Dhu (5) it is not found in the rivers rising below an altitude of 1,000 feet, which apparently is the lower limit. Codrington (2) believes that the suggested lower limit is probably too low. His observations were based on surveys of rivers of Peninsular India and as such he may be correct. The author observed that the said fish is available in the neighbourhood of Hardwar, Roorkee and Saharanpur. It is also reported to a very limited extent from Meerut and Delhi regions.

The upper limit of migration of the Mahaseer has been recorded as about 6,000 feet (Codrington (2)) for Peninsular India. This appears to be correct, as the author was not able to collect any fish beyond Chamoli (Near Srinagar-Garhwal) at an altitude of about 5,500 feet. It appears, therefore, that the upper range of distribution of the Mahaseer is limited to about 5,500-6,000 feet, and that the fish returns to its winter habitat with the receding floods from October onwards.

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Status of the Nilgiri Thar Census by the Nilgiri Wild Life Association

A census of the Ibex on the Nilgiri Plateau was taken at the end of January 1963. The Ibex country was divided into 4 blocks and 4 parties set about at the same time to do the counting. Every precaution was taken to avoid duplication. A statement of the Ibex actually seen and counted is furnished below.

(a) Bangi-tappal—Nadgani area

(i) Billithadahulla—Big Waterfall	7
(ii) Simon Hut area	9
(iii) Between Simon Hut and Nadgani	38 (1 single herd)
(iv) Sausage Hill	13
(v) Emeripuzha Cliff Line	5
(vi) Above Bangi-tappal Hundi	27
(vii) Near Bhavanipuzha	13

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(b) Chembar area

(i) Near Chembar River	17
(ii) Near Kokathorai river	9
(iii) Bison Swamp area	9
	35

(c) Arokiampuzha—King Dhar area

(i) Igandi	11
(ii) Devil's Mouth area	17
(iii) Tirupanthorai	30 (2 herds)
(iv) Old Betmund	8
	66

(d) Mukerti-Nilgiri Peak area

(i) Between Nilgiri Peak and Mukerti	7
(ii) Chinna Mukerti	10
(iii) Pechalbetta area	62 (Different herds)
	79

The Nilgiri Thar lives among the cliffs and, if undisturbed, comes up during the day to feed on grass on the mountain tops. Therefore, the visual method of counting is best suited and was adopted in taking the census. Binoculars and telescopes were, of course, used as aids. The Ibex actually seen and counted amounted to 292. On a very conservative estimate it may be said that at least a third of the number escaped observation on account of unfavourable ground, wind and weather conditions. Therefore, it can be safely estimated that there are about 400 Ibex in the Nilgiris. The Ibex are thus registering an increase.

The largest herd consisted of 38 animals and I was able to obtain some long distance photographs of the herd. Several fine saddle backs and brown bucks were seen. There were lots of young ones too. Although the herds move from area to area the places where the saddle backs were found is not given for obvious reasons.

I led the party to the Bangi-tappal Nadgani area. I camped out in my little tent. Our field staff, the registered shikaries, and coolies who took part in the census operations did not have even that protection. Considering the hardships they had to put up with they did a magnificent job.

The Glen Morgan herd has completely disappeared, thanks to the ban imposed on shooting! No Ibex were seen in the Nilgiri Peak area. It is reported that this is because of poaching by the estate coolies. Licence holders would be doing a great service by frequenting this area.

Kundah Hydro-Electric Scheme roads are being laid in the Ibex country and Forest Wattle Plantations are also being pushed through. Poaching activity is, therefore, expected to increase. This seems a crucial stage in the protection of this species.

In conclusion I may state that unless the licence holder is allowed to pursue the saddle back, most of which are useless for breeding purposes, and thus patrol the area, there is no doubt that our Ibex will eventually share the fate of the Glen Morgan herd.

E.R.C. Davidar.

[*Editorial comment*:—Mr. Davidar's remarks about the connection between the ban on shooting of the Glen Morgan herd and its eventual and consequent extermination by poachers bears out eminently our often-reiterated conviction that the best method of preserving any wild life is organising and regulating, but not disallowing, the means of its legitimate hunting.]

Wild Life of the Everest Region

The sherpas who dwell in the highest pastures and in the highest villages amidst the greatest mountains of the world are wild enough, but their ways with the wild things of nature are gentle and tolerant. The Buddhist catechism, In Truth Is Purity, In Purity Is Truth, and the inevitable linking of Purity with Non-Violence seeps through the simple rhythms of the inhabitants of the Everest Region.

Pious monks and lamas follow the timeless ritual of prayer and meditation in monasteries asleep in time under the benign sway of sun and snow and the everlasting winds which sweep down from the Lost Homeland of Buddhism, Tibet. Within, made prosperous by their generous and flourishing 'parishioners', lamas read the ancient scriptures and the villagers and tribals dance folk-songs and live the scripture in their lives. While lamas scatter grain and sugar for the Thar and the Musk Deer, for the Monal and the Blood Pheasant, sherpas graze their herds of yak, tend their potato and barley fields, and turn a benevolent gaze at the herds as they scamper about above the monasteries, on inaccessible cliffs.



Mount Everest (29,148 feet high) with Nuptse and Lhotse, and the Khumbu Glacier sweeping down in a wide curve over the ice-fall.

—Photo Courtesy of the London Mountaineering Foundation.

(For reference please see article "Wildlife of the Everest Region"
by Shri Hari Dang on Page 58.)

This traditional religious protection afforded wild life in sherpa-land, in the districts of Solu and Khumbu, is not without serious lapses. Where the populace is poor and indolent, most wild life has been wiped out, but in pockets, around monasteries and Gompas, the numbers are striking and the species profuse. During the last trip to Mount Everest, we spent a glorious fortnight of acclimatisation at the Thyangboche monastery; we made frequent excursions after minor summits or to photograph the Thar herds that can be seen even with the naked eye right across the Imjya Kholu on the bare slopes of an eighteen-thousand-foot rock-peak. These herds afforded much pleasant stalking, and some good ciné.

Snow Leopard seems to be fairly prolific here, in comparison with other mountain-areas, and twice we came across 'kills', once a natural kill of a Thar, and the other time a yak pulled up a two-thousand-foot pasture slope above the Gompa village of Pangboche. On both occasions, we were unable to obtain satisfactory photographs. Snow Leopard tracks of various vintage criss-crossed the softer glacial deposits of the Khumbu glacier-system, and a party of porters claimed to have seen one in broad day-light. But, then, porters were continually meeting their friend, the Abominable Snowman and Company, so that means very little.

Thyangboche is situated atop a thirteen-thousand-foot high ridge covered with conifer and birch forest, with a fairly rich growth of Juniper and Rhododendron over the more exposed aspects. On these, during morning strolls we often came across the timid Musk, shyly roving like a morning-rabbit or an absent-minded professor on leave. Once we even managed to get some poor photographs of this intriguing creature, which is being so ruthlessly decimated in all other mountain areas. The lamas spoke of the severe winter, when Musk Deer were entering the monastery enclosure to feed on the hand-outs of grain each morning! But the Everest Musk seems to be a less venturesome creature than its Garhwali counterpart, for we never saw track of this animal much above the tree-line, whereas in Garhwal, the tracks have taunted us at heights of twenty-thousand-feet!

Though constantly the subject of controversial rumour, we never saw hide nor hair of a Burrhel, and it seems Burrhel do not frequent this particular valley, though found in some numbers in the Hongu as in the Bhote Kosi valleys. Hongu and the glaciers and pasture-lands to the south-east of Everest still retain large areas of improperly explored terrain, and fascinating stories still circulate of unseen Shangri-Las which one would like to visit. Perhaps with such visits would vanish, too, the enigma of the Yeti.

Glacial lakes of various dimensions and states of dryness litter the changing topography of the Khumbu glacier, and on the glacio-fluvial sands of these we often found tracks of Bear, inevitably claimed to be those of the Yeti by our porters. Red, Blue and Black Bears did not seem to satisfy the myth-making propensities of these not-so-simple hill-folk, and we had to spend hours listening to tales of tracks seen and Yetis dodged by the ferries of porters charged

with keeping our Base Camp at Eighteen Thousand feet stocked with fire-wood. Not having much to gain from a prolongation of the Yeti-farce, we decided to subscribe to the scientific attitude which considers existence of ape-like creatures less likely in cold regions, in view of the receding glaciation, than in the tropical forests, where exhaustive study and research has rendered their existence highly unlikely.

The bird-life, again, is exceedingly rich. It would not be possible here to give a full account, but some mention might be made of the clear blue flash of the Monal pheasant that lightened many an arduous march, or the melancholy whistle of the Snow-Cock which serenaded daily our higher camps, a soothing contrast with the raucous choughing of the Choughs and the morbid prognostications of the ragged-voiced ravens and crows.

The Sikkim Blood Pheasant is very common in the lower forests, and we were able to obtain good photographs. The lamas feed these birds with grain during the harsh winters, but they seem to revert to a state of timid wildness with a completeness which makes one suspect that religious protection is not quite as efficient as one might imagine. We had proof of the sophistry of the sherpas in regard to religion the day the first of many yaks was to be slaughtered. None could be found to take life. Thondu, the cook, gave up. All the sherpas gathered around glumly, staring hungrily at the rippling muscles of the healthy animal which had to be converted to food without the taking of life. Prayers were offered for the intervention of a Divine Providence, and the Burra Sahib was approached.

John D. (Major John Dias, the leader) scratched his stubble for a while and then exchanged a whispered conversation with the sirdar, Angtharkay. Everyone followed him in retreating into tents, leaving the yak chewing the cud and the last thoughts. Five minutes later, we were served fresh, fried liver-of-yak, and that was that. To this day no one can say who intervened !

Perhaps the Burrhel and the pheasant have experiences or similar proof of the sherpas' plausibility already !

Whatever the detailed situation, the impression persists of a land where everything is better-managed, where the eternal plume of Everest blows an accompaniment with its wind to the endless quartering of the heavens by the bearded Vulture, while Thar sneeze almost unafraid at passing sherpas and sherpanis; where the glacier-water and the chang flow, like milk and honey, through a land of plenty, where men can afford to be as good as in them lies. At any rate, people on Everest have time to bother about the finer things of life, about considerations of right and wrong which leave us unmoved in our hectic pre-occupations down below. Whether we can live up to our conclusions or not is a matter of personal integrity and courage; the mountains of Everest give one the opportunity, and the inscribed rocks and the abundant wild life are a living reminder of that opportunity.

Hari Dang.

It Happened in India

NATIONAL PARK SHIKARI

K.C. had a penchant for shooting in National Parks. It was the only place where the Sambhar and the Kakar survived in numbers in the Hazaribagh district, because elsewhere the wonderful sport of shooting from jeeps at night with a swivel-flashlight was no longer proving worthwhile, so decimated had their population become.

In the Hazaribagh National Park, however, some of the guards were 'co-operative', and there it was that K.C. went. A herd of Sambhar was spotted. The lights flashed on and the herd milled foolishly around, blinded and perplexed. Guns opened up, and out of the dust and the confusion of the 'sport', two animals were picked up. The others either got away or were left wounded or lying around, for the jeep would not accommodate more than two carcasses. K.C. resolved to bring a bigger vehicle the next time, and the guards lauded the determination, and were left off at their huts with a portion of the 'bag'.

So sceptical was M.K.M. of the forest authorities that he did not even bother to report the matter to the Game Warden of the Park. Wiser counsels prevailed, and under his uncle's guidance, a scheme was hatched for bringing K.C. to book.

In prompt response to a letter, the Game Warden, one of the admirable crop of new foresters, wrote back to M.K.M., offering to follow up the case. A man was despatched all the way to M.K.M.'s uncle, where an impromptu meeting was arranged, between the Warden and K.C., in the hope that K.C. would incriminate himself. No luck! K.C. smelled a rat, and remained mum but the Warden pursued the matter later, into a meeting of the region's foresters, and made another valiant effort to bring the facts to light, but a P.W.D. official, an acquaintance of K.C. and one who had doubtless shared much venison repasts with him, came to K.C.'s rescue, and there the matter rested.

Some improvement, but how much of a difference between this and...

How They Do It Elsewhere

1. 'Willie' Clayton was hanged in the Public Square at Inverness after conviction by the Laird of Loch Ness Estate for poaching a Red Deer out of season.. (news item from a Presbyterian Church paper of Inverness, dated 17th February, 1568.

2. Sir Ernest Hayworth, of Yarrow, Middlesex, pleaded guilty to the charge of shooting pheasants on his own estate two days after the closing of the season. He was fined fifty pounds. Sir Ernest is the Honorary Game Warden of the county, and imposed the fine on himself. (News Item).

Children's Corner

TRAGEDY AT CHANDBAGH

Kanchan, the Golden One, our Barking Deer stag died of snake-bite last month. At least, we think it was snake-bite, but with a sensitive creature like Kanchan, you can never be sure it was not melancholia. Often, we feel guilty at keeping our Cheetal and Para, etc. captive, but when we view the fate of many of their ilk in forests open to night-shooting-poachers, we give ourselves a metaphorical pat-on-the-back. At least Holdy fed him scraps of Golden Delicious and he was loved by four hundred boys who were on first-name terms with him, as with the rest of the Doon School Deer Park inhabitants.

With Kanchan gone, we are down to merely two species at Chandbagh, for our young Sambhar died, too, sometime back. To find replacements for animals is easier than finding replacements for the men who die, for animals are less individual, but Kanchan was not an ordinary Kakar, and our Park has lost much of its tone since he went. He was choosy and snobbish, whereas the Para and the Cheetal are proletarian. They will eat almost anything, no matter who offers it, and seldom do they warn the school-folk of the absence of a tiger or panther like Kanchan invariably did in stentorian tones.

Shyama, the Cheetal stag now in handsome antlers, wakes me up each morning around six, though he, too, is changing over to winter-time gradually. It is good to turn over in the just pleasantly warm sheets and imagine a sal forest in dappled sunlight. Possibly it is some vague, hereditary memory of such dew-sparkling dawns that rouses Shyama to honking fury. He bells, instead of whistling like an ordinary Cheetal. He is bad tempered all the time, except in the mornings, when an early awakening will win his approval; he will not make any attempt to butt with his antlers till the sun is well up over the tops of the Jacarandas to the south of my rooms. Much the nicest thing about Chandbagh now, apart from the boys, is Shyama's morning call, which brings the consolation of the forest into our lives, and makes us forget the missing Kanchan.

Acknowledgements

We have received a short Review of the Proceedings of the First All-Indian Congress of Zoology. The Congress was held under the sponsorship of the Zoological Society of India, and its proceedings are published in an admirable volume of four parts, a total of 850 pages. Dr. M.L. Roonwal, the Director of the Zoological Survey of India, emphasised the need for work on field ecology and taxonomy and the importance of the protection of wild life. The Congress, we are sure, will mark a solid contribution to the growth of zoological studies in India.

* * * * *

Letters

Sir,

Out fishing on the Ganges, to take full advantage of the migration, I came across the party of the Information Officer of a U.P. District, who, immediately on arrival at Beasi, ordered one of his underlings to obtain either some fowl or bomb some fish.

Explosive was obtained from some source and the party headed for the river, as we moved ahead to our own grounds. Need anything be added ?

Yours etc.
R.D. Singh,

The Doon School, Dehra Dun.

[Ed: We have written to the D.M. of the District concerned and await his response.]

Elephant Gold

In his maiden excursion into book-length literature about wild life, Patrick Stracey lives well up to the promise of his earlier efforts and enthusiasm. Elephant Gold (Widenfield and Nicholson, 30 shillings), deals with the catching of wild elephants, and the entire relationship between elephant and man in the earlier stages of its development from the time of catching, in an anecdotal and gripping manner.

Known in India and outside India as 'Stracey of Assam', P. D. Stracey has been one of the motive forces behind the founding and organisation of the Wild Life Preservation Society of India. It was his brainchild, and bears the impress of his dynamism just as the book thrills us with a vigorous and entertaining sincerity. Spirited accounts of kheddass and the dealings between catchers and their customers and contractors, we are confident that readers will enjoy this and ask for more from his pen. —Ed.

जंगली हाथी

सोहनसिंह नेगी, कन्सरवेटर जङ्गलात, उत्तर प्रदेश, (अवकाश प्राप्त)

भारत में सब जानवरों में सम्भवतः सबसे दिलचस्प जानवर हाथी है। अनन्त काल से यह जानवर मानव कल्पना की वस्तु रहा है और उस समय तक रहेगा जब तक कि संसार में हाथी का अस्तित्व रहता है। इनकी संख्या शीघ्रता से घट रही है। भारत में सामान्यतः पालतू हाथी देखे जाते हैं। किसी गांव में हाथी के निकल जाने पर बच्चे खुशी से नाचने लगते हैं और बड़े-बूढ़े इस विशालकाय हाथी को देख कर जमा हो जाते हैं। यद्यपि उन्होंने इसके पहले सैकड़ों बार हाथी देखा है। जब कभी कोई किसी हाथी को देखता है तो वह उसकी सुन्दर सूंड तथा मद-मत्त गति से प्रभावित हुए बिना नहीं रह सकता। कोई भी महत्वपूर्ण भारतीय विवाह उस समय तक पूर्ण नहीं होता जब तक कि उसमें सजे हुए हाथी न हों। प्रत्येक भारतीय राजकुमार और जमींदार इन सुन्दर जानवरों को अपनी शान-शौकत का एक आवश्यक अंग समझता है।

२—आजकल संसार में दो विस्म के हाथी पाये जाते हैं—भारतीय और अफ्रीकी। छः-सात फिट ऊंचे बौने हाथी भी यदा-कदा पाये जाते हैं। ऐसा विश्वास है कि ये एक पृथक जाति के हैं किन्तु प्राणिशास्त्र विशेषज्ञ ऐसा नहीं मानते। भारतीय और अफ्रीकी हाथियों में काफी अन्तर है और उससे मालूम पड़ता है कि इनकी दो पृथक जातियां हैं। सामान्यतयः अफ्रीकी हाथी ज्यादा बड़ा होता है, उसके बड़े-बड़े कान होते हैं। उसकी पीठ नतोदर होती है जबकि भारतीय हाथी की पीठ उन्नतोदर होती है। अफ्रीकी हाथी का माथा चिकनी गोलाई के साथ अन्दर की ओर घंसा हुआ होता है जबकि भारतीय हाथी के दोनों कनपटियों के मध्य का भाग गहराई का निशान लिए हुए होता है। अफ्रीका के हाथी के सूंड पर बहुत मोटी धारियां बनी होती हैं और उसके दांत कहीं बड़े होते हैं। अफ्रीका की मादा हाथियों के भी दांत बड़े होते हैं और भारतीय मादा हाथियों के दांत बहुत छोटे होते हैं। दूसरी भिन्नता यह है कि अफ्रीका के हाथी के पिछले पैरों पर ३ कवच (mails) और भारतीय हाथी के ४ कवच होते हैं।

३—हाथियों की बुद्धि के बारे में शिकारियों तथा प्रकृति-विशेषज्ञों की राय में बड़ा अन्तर है। कुछ लोग कहते हैं कि उनकी बुद्धि बहुत पैनी और सूझ-बूझ बहुत तेज होती है। दूसरों का विचार यह है कि वे अन्य वन्य पशुओं की अपेक्षा स्वभाव से ही कम बुद्धिमान होते हैं। जन साधारण की राय में जंगली हाथी विशेष बुद्धिवाला नहीं होता, और भारतीय हाथी को बन्दी बना कर बहुत कुछ सिखाया जा सकता है तथा उसमें एक घोड़े से कहीं अधिक सीख प्राप्त करने की सामर्थ्य होती है किन्तु कुत्ते से अधिक सामर्थ्य नहीं होती।

४—हाथियों की देखने और सुनने की शक्ति औसत होती है, किन्तु उनके सूंघने की शक्ति उल्लेखनीय है। पालतू हाथी अपनी सूंड उठा कर यह चेतावनी दे देता है कि पड़ोस में कहीं जंगली हाथी मौजूद है। ऐसे हाथी बहुधा मादा हुआ करते हैं और जिस दिशा में जंगली हाथी रहते हैं, उधर की हवा सूंघ कर या जमीन पर अपना सूंड पटक कर वे सावधान कर देते हैं।

५—अभी तक यह नहीं जाना जा सका है कि जंगली हाथियों की जिन्दगी कितनी होती है, यद्यपि यह कहा जा सकता है कि पालतू हाथियों की अपेक्षा जंगली हाथियों की जिन्दगी कहीं अधिक होती है। अभिलेखों से ज्ञात

होता है कि पालतू हाथी सौ वर्ष से अधिक समय तक भली-भांति जीवित रहते हैं। यदि हाथी बन्दी होकर १०० वर्ष तक जीवित रह सकते हैं तो यह नतीजा निकाला जा सकता है कि जंगली हाथियों का सामान्य जीवन १०० वर्ष से अधिक होता है और इससे भी अधिक हो सकता है।

६—भारत वर्ष में हाथी बहुत समय पहले से पाले जाते रहे हैं। एक समय वह था जब वे भारतीय सेना में सामान ढोने और बन्दूकों ले जाने का काम करते थे; किन्तु इस समय स्थिति को देखते हुए उनकी उपयोगिता नहीं रह गई है और उनका इस्तेमाल अब सैनिक प्रयोजनों के लिए नहीं किया जाता।

हाथियों का उपयोग बर्मा, आसाम और दक्खिनी भारत में इमारती लकड़ियाँ इकट्ठा करने, लट्टे घसीटने और सामान ढोने में बहुत होता है। किन्तु अधिकांश स्थानों में भारतीय राजा तथा जमींदार उन्हें प्रदर्शन के लिए या शिकार के प्रयोजन से पालते हैं और सरकार उन्हें उन अफसरों की सवारी के लिए इस्तेमाल करती है, जो निरीक्षण के लिए जाते हैं।

बेल्जियन कांगों तथा अन्य कुछ देशों में इन्हें हल चलाने के काम में लाया जाता है। नवम्बर सन् १९५५ में, उत्तर प्रदेश में कृषि विभाग के सहयोग से वन विभाग ने हाथी से हल चलाने के प्रयोग किए हैं, जिसमें उन्हें संतोषजनक सफलता प्राप्त हुई है। कुछ दशाओं में तो हाथियों द्वारा हल चलाने का प्रयोग ट्रैक्टरों से भी कम खर्चीला सिद्ध होगा।

७—प्रायः यह कहा जाता है कि हाथियों को बन्दी बना कर पाला नहीं जा सकता, किन्तु ऐसी बात नहीं है। इस बात के असंख्य प्रमाण हैं कि बन्दी हाथियों ने बच्चों को पैदा किया है। सन् १९२१ में यह बताया गया कि मद्रास में वन विभाग के एक हाथी ने केवल १३ वर्ष की अवस्था में एक बच्चा पैदा किया। उसके बाद उसने १६, २२, २६ तथा ३० वर्ष की अवस्थाओं में ४ और बच्चे पैदा किए। सन् १९२४ में यह सूचना प्रकाशित हुई थी कि चिट्टगाँव पहाड़ी इलाके के डिप्टी कमिश्नर की मादा हाथी के एक जंगली बड़े दांत वाले हाथी ने गर्भाधान किया, जिससे बाद में उस मादा हाथी ने एक नर तथा एक मादा जुड़वा बच्चों को जन्म दिया।

८—यह अभी तक रहस्य की बात बनी हुई है कि मरने के बाद हाथियों का क्या होता है? इस अनुमान पर आधारित अनेक कल्पित कहानियाँ कही जाती हैं कि जब हाथी अपनी मृत्यु निकट आते देखता है तो वह मरने के लिए किसी गुप्त स्थान की ओर चला जाता है। ऐसा विश्वास है कि अफ्रीका में केवल हाथी दाँत के गुप्त खजाने को खोजने के उद्देश्य से ही एक या दो बार यात्रायें की गईं। परन्तु अभी तक यह रहस्य ही बना हुआ है। वास्तव में यह बात बड़े आश्चर्य की है कि अभी तक जंगली हाथियों की स्वाभाविक मृत्यु के बहुत ही कम उदाहरण मिले हैं। इस सम्बन्ध में एक बड़ी मनोरंजक घटना यह हुई है कि उत्तर प्रदेश के पर्वतीय वनों में मादा हाथियों की मृत्यु के जो ४ प्रमाण मिले हैं, उनमें से किसी भी हाथी की अधिक अवस्था नहीं थी। अतः उनकी लाशों के प्राप्त होने से उस समस्या का हल नहीं होता है कि वृद्ध हाथियों की मृत्यु आने पर उनका क्या होता है। एक मामले में एक विशेष बात यह हुई कि एक फारेस्ट रेन्जर ने एक हाथी का शव देखा और बड़ी सावधानी से उसकी स्थिति स्मरण करली, परन्तु ५ दिन के बाद जब वह अपने डिवीजनल फारेस्ट रेन्जर के साथ गया तो उसने देखा कि वह दूसरी स्थिति में पड़ा है। एक हाथी का भार कई टन होता है, अतः उसकी

लाश न तो कोई आदमी ही हटा सकता है और न वह सुअर, लकड़बग्घा आदि मुर्दा खाने वाले किसी जानवर द्वारा ही हटाई जा सकती है।

चरवाहों ने कहा कि जब वहां पर हाथी का शव पड़ा था तो उन्होंने एक या दो हाथियों को उस स्थान का निरीक्षण करते हुए देखा और ऐसा मालूम होता था कि वे उसे ले जाने या उठाने का प्रयास कर रहे हैं। समस्त संभावनाओं को देखते हुए जंगली हाथी बहुत दिनों तक जीवित रहते हैं और वे इस बात को नहीं समझते कि मृत्यु क्या वस्तु है। अतः उन्होंने कष्ट में फंसे हुये अपने एक साथी की सहायता करने का प्रयत्न किया। वास्तविकता यह है कि हाथी उष्णदेशीय वनों में कम आबादी वाले जिलों में रहते हैं और वे दीर्घजीवी होते हैं। इसलिये मृत्यु उनके लिए साधारण बात नहीं है और ऐसी मृत्यु कहीं बहुत घने वनों में होती है जहाँ उन पर मुर्दा खाने वाले अनेकों जन्तु जैसे गीध, कौवे, लकड़बग्घे, सियोर आदि, हमला करते हैं।

६—भारत में हाथी सरकार के एक विशेष “एलीफेंट ऐक्ट” द्वारा संरक्षित होते हैं। उस दशा में जब कोई हाथी मानव जीवन या संपत्ति के लिए खतरनाक हो जाता है तो उसे “बदमाश” घोषित किया जाता है और उसे गोली से मारने की अनुमति दी जाती है। जो हाथी छोटे-मोटे कारणों से “बदमाश” घोषित कर दिए जाते हैं, वे हाथी अस्थायी रूप से “मस्त” कहे जाते हैं या वे किसी न किसी प्रकार से जानबूझ कर या अनजाने में क्रोध कर दिये जाते हैं। ऐसे मनुष्य को, जिन्हें हाथियों के सम्बन्ध में बहुत थोड़ा अनुभव है, सभी हाथी एक प्रकार से दिखलाई देते हैं क्योंकि अधिकतर वे जंगलों में ही छिपे रहते हैं और निर्दोष हाथी इस कारण गोली से मार दिये जाते हैं कि उन्हें बदमाश घोषित कर दिया जाता है। यथार्थ में वही हाथी प्रायः बदमाश होता है जो किसी न किसी प्रकार से चोरी से शिकार करने वालों द्वारा घायल हो जाता है, तो उनमें मानव जाति के प्रति विरोध-भावना उत्पन्न हो जाना स्वाभाविक है।

१०—उत्तर प्रदेश में, जंगली हाथी पहाड़ की तलैयाँ में संरक्षित वनों में शारदा नदी के पश्चिम से जमुना नदी के पूर्व में पाये जाते हैं। वे अधिकतर छोटी पहाड़ियों और भाबर क्षेत्रों में रहते हैं जहाँ बाँस के बड़े जंगल हैं और वे यदा-कदा ही २५०० फीट की ऊँचाई से ऊपर जाते हैं। वर्ष के अधिकांश भाग में इस सकंरी पेट में रहते हैं जिसकी चौड़ाई ५ से १० मील है। वे समय पर ही तराई क्षेत्र में गन्ने की तलाश में जाते हैं।

११—लगभग चालीस-पचास वर्ष पूर्व स्वर्गीय महाराज बलरामपुर सरकार की आज्ञा से खेदा कार्यवाहियाँ किया करते थे और प्रत्येक वर्ष बीस से पच्चीस हाथी पकड़ लेते थे, किन्तु उनकी मृत्यु के बाद इस राज्य में कोई खेदा कार्यवाही नहीं की गई। फल यह हुआ कि जंगली हाथी लगातार बढ़ते रहे हैं और अब बाँस के जंगलों तथा निकटवर्ती कृषि के लिए एक बड़ी विपदा का कारण बन गये हैं।

अनुमान लगाया गया है कि एक जवान मादा हाथी प्रत्येक पांच वर्ष के बाद औसतन एक बच्चा देती है और यदि छः सौ हाथियों में से लगभग दो सौ जवान हथिनियाँ हों तो आगामी १५ वर्षों में उनकी संख्या दूनी हो जाएगी। हाल के वर्षों में जंगली हाथियों ने तराई में जान व माल का बहुत बड़ा नुकसान किया है और खेतहर तथा ग्रामवासी उन्हें नष्ट करने की मांग कर रहे हैं। यदि प्रति वर्ष उत्पन्न होने वाले बीस से पच्चीस हाथियों के पकड़ने या नष्ट करने की कार्यवाही नहीं की जाती, तो निकट भविष्य में यह विपदा इतनी अधिक बढ़ जाएगी कि इस पर नियंत्रण रखना असम्भव हो जायेगा।

शेरनी और बच्चे

उत्तर प्रदेश के दक्षिण पूर्व में कैमूर पर्वत श्रेणी के दक्षिण में पहाड़ और नदियों का जंगल से भरा हुआ एक क्षेत्र है। यहां के वन, पहाड़ और नदियाँ नाना प्रकार के वन्य-जीवों को आश्रय देते आए हैं। यहाँ पहाड़ी गुफाओं में मनुष्य आदिकाल से अपने सुख-दुःख को चित्रकला का स्वरूप देकर ऐसे रंगों में छोड़ गया है जो आज भी नये रंगों से दीखते हैं और जिनको देख आज का मनुष्य चकित रह जाता है। अब इन गुफाओं में आदिवासी नहीं रहते और इनमें अब हिंसक वन्य-जीव अपने बच्चों को पालते हैं और अपने आपको सूर्य के ताप से बचाते हैं। इस क्षेत्र में अब से दस वर्ष पूर्व मोटर-गाड़ी जाने योग्य सड़कें नहीं थी पर अब तो रिहद बांध जैसे आधुनिक तीर्थ स्थान, एल्यूमीनियम, सीमेंट इत्यादि के बड़े-बड़े कारखाने स्थापित होने के कारण मोटर सड़कों का जाल सा बिछ गया है और यह देश की प्रगति के प्रतीक वन्य-जीवों के लिए प्रलय के समान ही है।

इस क्षेत्र पर मेरा पूरा अधिकार था और है। कोई भी मेरी आज्ञा बिना यहां शिकार नहीं खेल सकता। यहां के आदिवासियों से यहां के वन्य-जीवों की रक्षा करना सरल रहा है पर आज के शिक्षित, वन्य-जीवों तथा उनके जीवन से अनभिज्ञ, वीर कहलाने के इच्छुक, मांस के भूखे, मृगों की मादा और बच्चों को मार ठेला भरने वाले और अनेक वन्य-जीवों को घायल कर छोड़ने वाले आधुनिक रायफल तथा वन्य-जीवों को चकाचौंध कर देने वाले प्रकाश की टार्च से लैस “जीप शिकारियों” से इनकी रक्षा करना संभव नहीं प्रतीत होता। सरकार को चाहिये कि इस ओर अधिक ध्यान दे और यदि इस कुकर्म को न रोका गया तो मानव की आने वाली संतान पूछेगी कि “अपालित वन्य-जीव क्या होता था।”

लगभग सोलह साल हुए इसी क्षेत्र में सोन नदी के किनारे मेरा कैम्प था। एक प्रातः बनरखे और शिकारी सूचना लाए कि एक शेरनी ने एक पाड़ा (भैंस का बच्चा) मारा है। हकवे के लिए आस-पास के ग्रामों से आदमी बुलाए गये। जिस मार्ग से शेरनी को निकल कर जाना था उस पर एक मचान बांधा गया और दोपहर को मैं मचान पर जा बैठा। बेरा डाल कर जंगल का हकवा हुआ और शेरनी को मेरे सामने लाने की कोशिश हुई पर शेरनी न निकली वह जंगल में थी ही नहीं। मैं निराश लौटा। तीसरे दिन शेरनी ने फिर उसी स्थान पर पाड़ा मारा और शिकारी ने खोज लगा कर सूचना दी कि शेरनी जंगल में नहीं रुकी। शेरनी की खोज में हम लोग तीन मील धूमे और धूप तेज होने के कारण कैम्प लौट आये—शिकारी और वनरखों ने खोज जारी रखी।

पाड़ा मारे जाने के स्थान से पाँच मील दूर चूने के पत्थर की वृक्ष रहित अनेक गुफाओं वाली एक पहाड़ी की तरफ शेरनी गई। उस पहाड़ी पर कुछ भाड़ियाँ और अनेक चट्टानें थी। शिकारी ने उसी पहाड़ी तक शेरनी के पद-चिह्न पाये और आगे चट्टानों पर खोज न चली। शिकारी ने लौट कर सूचना दी कि शेरनी उसी पहाड़ी की एक गुफा में रहती है।

मैंने सोचा कि शेरनी रात को बची हुई लाश को खाकर फिर उसी पहाड़ी पर जावेगी और मैंने वहाँ प्रातः से पहले ही जाकर बैठने के विचार से शिकारी को एक मचान बाँधने को कहा। वहाँ मचान बाँधने योग्य कोई

वृक्ष न था और इस कारण एक ऊंची चट्टान पर ही बैठना पड़ा। चट्टान पर चढ़ने के लिए सीढ़ी साथ ले जाई गई और मैं दो साथियों के साथ अन्धेरे में ही जा बैठा।

अभी सूर्य की रोशनी पूर्व में नहीं पहुंची थी कि जंगल की ओर दूर सांभर के टोंकने का शब्द हुआ। हम शेरनी की प्रतीक्षा में संभल कर बैठ गये। अभी आकाश लोहित हो ही रहा था कि पास की गुफा की ओर किसी जानवर के बोलने का शब्द सुनाई दिया और कुछ समय बाद ही साफ हो गया कि बोलने वाले जानवर शेर के छोटे बच्चे हैं। अब तो शेरनी के यहां आने में कोई शंका न रही। हम तीन थे और विचार हुआ कि शेरनी अभी दूर है उतर कर बच्चों को पकड़ लिया जावे पर हिम्मत न हुई क्योंकि यदि बच्चे पकड़ते समय शेरनी पहुंच गई तो हम सब के चिथड़े उड़ा देगी। कुछ देर और बैठे होंगे कि पास ही एक पत्थर के खिसकने की आहट हुई। सूर्य का प्रकाश फैल रहा था और देखा तो यकायक शेरनी सामने खड़ी थी। सब की राय थी कि शेरनी को मार बच्चों को पकड़ लिया जावे। पर मुझसे यह न हो सका। मैं शिकार के कानून के विपरीत बच्चे वाले वन्य-जीवों को नहीं मारता हूँ। मैंने रायफल न चलाई और इसकी मुझे खुशी है क्योंकि जो अवसर मुझे कई महिनों तक शेर के पारिवारिक जीवन को देखने का मिला वह बहुत ही कम आदमियों को मिलता है। मेरे साथी इस पर मुझसे अप्रसन्न भी हो गये।

निडर शेरनी सीधी बच्चों की तरफ गई और एक बच्चा जो गुफा के बाहर था मुंह में उठा कर गुफा में घुस गई, बच्चों का बोलना यकायक बन्द हो गया फिर न कुछ सुना न देखा और हम एक घंटे बाद चट्टान से उतर कर कैम्प लौट आये। शेरनी के जंगल में न रुकने और हकवा खाली जाने का कारण साफ था—शेरनी को बच्चों के पास जाना था।

उसी स्थान पर एक पाड़ा और बांधा गया और हम प्रातः से पहले ही उसी चट्टान पर जा बैठे। प्रकाश होने पर शेरनी को आते और कुछ रुक कर गुफा में घुसते देखा—आज न बच्चे बोले न बाहर ही निकले। शेरनी के मांद में घुसते ही कुछ शब्द हुआ पर फिर सुनसान। शायद बच्चे दूध पीने लगे होंगे। मुझे कार्यवश घर लौटना पड़ा पर वनरखों को समझा दिया कि शेरनी को कोई भी परेशान न करे और न बच्चों को पकड़ने की कोशिश की जावे। दस दिन बाद मुझे फिर उसी स्थान पर जाने का सुअवसर मिला और शेरनी ने पहली रात को पाड़ा मारा। मैंने उसी दिन तीसरे पहर उसी चट्टान पर बैठने का निश्चय किया। सूर्यास्त से एक घंटा पहले ही से गुफा की तरफ देखता रहा। पक्षी झाड़ियों में चहचहा रहे थे, मन्द-मन्द वायु बह रही थी, जंगल के पेड़ों में फूल लदे हुये थे और वायु को सुगन्धित कर रहे थे पर इस तरफ मेरा ध्यान न था। डूबते सूर्य की किरणें पहाड़ों की चोटियों को रंग रही थी। शेरनी एकाएक गुफा के द्वार पर खड़ी दिखाई दी और कुछ समय तक देखती और सुनती रही और फिर धीरे से बाहर निकली। तीन बच्चे उसके साथ ही टांगों से लिपटते गिरते पड़ते बाहर निकले—चाल से प्रतीत होता था कि वह ठीक से देख नहीं सकते थे—पत्थरों से टकराते, गिरते और उठते थे। शेरनी बैठ गई और फिर गुर २ करते एक करवट लेट गई—बच्चे गुरगुराते, कभी दूध पीने लगते। शेरनी तीनों बच्चों को बारी-बारी चाट-चाट कर खूब साफ कर रही थी। हम लोग अन्धेरा होने तक यही सब देखते रहे। यकायक बच्चों की बोली बन्द हो गई। कुछ समय चुपचाप बैठे रहे और फिर यह सोचकर कि

शेरनी चली गई होगी हम चट्टान से उतरे और एक मील पैदल चल कर अपने हाथी के पास पहुंचे और फिर कैम्प पर देर में पहुंचे। यदि शेरनी को संदेह हो जाता कि मनुष्य उसके बच्चों के रहने की जगह के पास पहुंच गया है तो वह अवश्य ही बच्चों को किसी दूसरे सुरक्षित स्थान पर ले जाती।

मैं शेरनी और बच्चों की निराली छटा को देखते न थकता था पर मेरे साथी परेशान थे क्योंकि मैं गोली न चलाता था न और किसी को शेरनी मारने देता था। मेरे इस कार्य से शिकारियों, वनरखों और ग्रामवासियों को विश्वास सा हो गया था कि मैं शेरनी को देख इतना डर जाता हूँ कि गोली नहीं चलाता, सत्यता कुछ और ही थी। मुझे जितना आनन्द शेरनी और बच्चों के पारिवारिक जीवन की एक भांकी देखने में आता था वह शेर जैसे सुन्दर जीव को रायफल से मार कर मिट्टी बना देने में कदापि नहीं। मुझे अपने मान की रक्षा के लिए, ग्राम-वासियों की हिम्मत कायम रखने के लिए और उनका सहयोग पाने के लिए जो मुझ जैसे जंगलों में रहने वाले के लिये आवश्यक है, उन्हीं दिनों कुछ दूर दो शेरों को मारना ही पड़ा।

अगले दिन प्रातः तीन बजे ही हम तीनों उसी चट्टान पर फिर जा बैठे और शेरनी की राह देखते-देखते थक गये। धूप निकल आई, तीनों बच्चे भी माँ की प्रतीक्षा में बोलते-बोलते गुफा के बाहर निकल आये। वह अवश्य ही शोर मचा कर माँ को बुला रहे थे—रात भर के भूखे जो थे। कुछ समय बाद देखा कि शेरनी दुबकी चाल से पहाड़ के किनारे-किनारे चली आ रही है और शीघ्र ही बच्चों तक पहुंच गई, पहुंचते ही पहले बच्चों को सूंघा फिर चाटा लेकिन बच्चे तो दूध पीने को उतावले थे। शेरनी इधर-उधर चलती थी और दूध नहीं पिलाना चाहती थी। यकायक शेरनी एक तरफ हटी और रुक कर उसने कै करदी जिसमें कुछ मांस के टुकड़े गिरते दिखाई दिये। बच्चों ने दौड़ कर जो कुछ भी शेरनी के मुँह से निकला था खो लिया। पहले मैंने सोचा कि शेरनी बीमार है पर फिर मुझे विश्वास हो गया कि यह सब उसने जान-बूझ कर किया और यह बच्चों को मांस की खुराक पर लाने की एक सीढ़ी थी। शेरनी ने यह सब देखा और फिर गुफा में घुस गई—बच्चे बाहर ही रहे और गुफा में नहीं जाना चाहते थे। १५ मिनट बाद शेरनी गुफा के द्वार पर आई और एक प्रकार खांसी जिसे सुनते ही बच्चे भाग कर उसके पास पहुंच गये और फिर शेरनी और बच्चे गुफा के अन्धकार में खो गये और सन्नाटा छा गया। मैं उसी शाम को घर वापिस आ गया।

अगले कई महीने मैं इस क्षेत्र में नहीं जा सका लेकिन शेरनी के लिये उसी खूँटे पर हर छठे दिन एक पाड़ा बांधने का प्रबन्ध कर दिया था और शेरनी व बच्चों की खबर मेरे पास बराबर पहुंचती रही—बच्चे बड़े हो रहे थे शेरनी के साथ घूमने जाते थे। कभी-कभी बंधे पाड़े की लाश पर बच्चों के नाखूनों के निशान भी दीखते थे—बच्चे हमेशा शेरनी के साथ नहीं रहते थे। और हमेशा उस गुफा में भी नहीं—कभी-कभी जगह बदल जाती थी। मैं इस क्षेत्र में फिर गया, बच्चों की खोज पहले वाली पहाड़ी पर की गई। मैं चट्टान पर प्रातः ही जा बैठा—आज भी शेरनी आई पर उसके मुँह में मांस का एक बड़ा टुकड़ा था जिसे लिए हुए वह गुफा में घुस गई। मांस बच्चों के लिये ही था क्योंकि शेर एक बार पेट भर कर खा लेता है और मनुष्य की भांति दिन में कई बार नहीं खाता। वह भूखे होने पर ही जानवर मारता है अन्यथा छोड़ भी देता है।

वर्षा शुरू हो गई, नदी-नाले पानी से भर गये, रास्ते टूट गये और मेरा शिकार जाना भी बन्द हो गया— अब पाड़े भी शेरनी के मारने के लिए न बाँधे जाते थे। शेरनी उसी खूँटे पर १२ से अधिक पाड़े मार चुकी थी। इसी कारण वहाँ चक्कर लगाती, पर पाड़ा न मिलता था। पाड़ा मारने में मेहनत न थी, वन्य-जीवों को मारने में मेहनत और कष्ट उठाना पड़ता था। इसलिये पाड़े की तलाश में पास के गांव के चक्कर काटने लगी। तीन बच्चे जो अब बड़े हो गये थे और एक शेरनी के लिए एक पशु प्रतिदिन मारने की आवश्यकता थी—पास के गांव के ६५ पशु इन चार ने मारे और गांव उजड़ गया—निवासियों ने भाग कर अन्य गांवों में शरण ली। मेरे पास शिकायत पर शिकायत आने लगी कि यदि शेर न मारे गये तो गांव सदा के लिए उजड़ जावेगा। शेरों ने अभी कोई मनुष्य नहीं मारा था पर इसकी भी आशंका थी।

इस सब हानि का उत्तरदायित्व किस पर था? मुझ पर या शेरनी पर? गांव की रक्षा मुझे ही करनी थी। इसलिये शेरनी की जान गई—मुझे उसे मारना पड़ा। मारी भी वह सरलता से गई, क्योंकि उसे तो पाड़े बांध-बांध कर पाल लिया गया था उसे किसी का डर ही न था पाड़े के पास छिप कर आना और ध्यान रखना कि कहीं कोई खतरा तो नहीं है वह भूल ही गई थी। सीधी मेरे सामने आकर खड़ी हो गई और मारी गई।

आजकल देश के नेशनल पार्क्स में भी शेरों को इसी प्रकार पाड़े खिला कर पाला जाता है जिससे पर्यटक और दर्शक उनके चित्र ले सकें। लेकिन ऐसा करना उचित नहीं है। यदि यह भी मान लिया जावे कि नेशनल पार्क के शेर गांव नहीं जाते पर यह अर्धपालित शेर पास के शिकार के क्षेत्र में या किसी “नेशनल-पार्क-शिकारी” के हाथ कुत्ते की मौत मारे जाते हैं। सरकार इस ओर भी ध्यान दे तो अच्छा हो।

—आनन्द

Honorary Secretary's Report

The task of presenting a report on the working of the Wild Life Preservation Society of India for the year ending March 31, 1963 has fallen on my shoulders because of the untimely resignation in March of the Honorary Secretary, Shri G.K.S. Mann who could no longer give any time to the Society.

Journal "CHEETAL"

Two numbers of the "CHEETAL" were published during the year under the able editorship of the fine sportsman Mr. R.L. Holdsworth of the Doon School. The "CHEETAL" continued to further the aims and objects of the Society and served the members by providing information and food for thought.

Revenue Account

During the year under review the income of the Society was Rs. 2,664.14 (Rupees two thousand six hundred and sixty four and nP. fourteen) as against Rs. 4,363.01 in the previous year. The operations of the Society showed a deficit of Rs. 5,438.94 as against Rs. 4,271.00 in the year 1961-62. The accounts of the Society were audited by M/s.P.N. Bahri & Co., Chartered Accountants and their Report is before the members. Lack of finances cripple the activities and the growing deficit gnaws into the reserve fund of the Society. The Executive Committee had to authorise the withdrawal of Rs. 3,000.00 from the reserve fund of the Society to pay the outstanding bills.

General

The Society observes the Wild Life Week in October each year jointly with the Wild Life Department of Uttar Pradesh when talks on Preservation of Wild Life are arranged and films on Wild Life shown at the various educational Institutions in Dehra Dun.

The Society is the Lessee of waters at the Jumna-Tons junction in Dehra Dun with a view to preserve 'Mahaseer', the great sporting fish—even at a financial loss, year after year. Fishing facilities are thereby provided to members.

Our efforts to get funds from the Government and other semi-government bodies failed mainly because of the national emergency due to the Chinese aggression against India. For the same reason membership has declined and an all out effort is necessary to put the Society on a firm financial footing.

The Society congratulates its President His Highness Maharaja Sahib of Nabha on his selection as the Regional Secretary for Northern India of the Indian Wild Life Board and

hopes that the cause of the Society shall be strengthened, helped and promoted by his presence there and the Wild Life Board shall no longer find it difficult to help the Society.

The Society is thankful to its President who has always and ungrudgingly helped with his advice, time, influence and purse which is always open to help the Society help itself. We are grateful to all the office-bearers, past and present, for the devotion with which they worked. Particular mention may be made of the Senior Executive Vice-President Shri S.S. Negi, (Retired Conservator of Forests) for his efforts in enlisting members and devoting time regularly for the work of the Society. Dr. Baini Prasad, Shri R.L. Holdsworth, Editor "CHEETAL" and Shri P.D. Stracy do much to help the Society, and the Society is very grateful to them. Shri J. Swer is to be congratulated on his election as Hony. Secretary, Assam Branch, and he is bound to be an asset to the Society. The Society is also grateful to Shri G.K.S. Mann, former Hony. Secretary for his devotion to the cause of the Society and for the valuable time he gave to make the Society effective and popular.

R. N. Misra.

July 9, 1963.

The President & Members, Executive Committee,
Wild Life Preservation Society of India,
Dehra Dun.

Gentlemen,

We have audited the accounts of the Society for the year ending 31st March, 1963, and as mentioned in our Certificate at the foot of the Balance Sheet as at 31st March, 1963, we have the following report for your information:—

The Working of the Society shows a deficit of Rs. 5,438.94 nP. as compared with Rs. 4,271/- of the previous year. The increase in deficit is due to the following:—

1. Subscriptions in arrears amounting to Rs. 1849/- being irrecoverable have not been taken into Income. Thus there is decrease in Subscription from Rs. 4050/- to Rs. 2360/-.
2. Valuation of CHEETAL copies in Stock has been made @ Re. 1/- per copy for 1962 issue and for the previous year @ 50 nP. per copy as compared with Rs. 2/- and Re. 1/- in the previous year.

The Under valuation this year is due to very little sale of old copies and thus the loss on CHEETAL Publication is about Rs. 1000/- more than the previous year. The Management expenses are otherwise less than in the previous year.

3. In the absence of proper statement of Assam Branch we have taken into account the certificate of Assam Branch and charged 10% contributions on subscription of Assam Branch for 1961-62 and 1962-63 less charged in 1961-62.

4. Efforts should be made for recovery of Rs. 50/- for Duplicate Registration Fee deposited in wrong Head of Account with the Treasury.

5. **Advances to Staff :** The sum of Rs. 176.33 due by the Assistant should be recovered at an early date as the advance has increased due to Postage Balance with him which is due to non-balancing of the Postage Book monthly and checking of Postage in hand.

6. **Finances :** As pointed out last year the Finances are going down and unless efforts for increasing Subscriptions, Donations and Grants are made the Society will not be able to meet the recurring deficit for a very long time.

Nothing is being done about the project of 'Snakes and Ladders'. The expenditure of Rs. 383/- shown in assets in the Balance Sheet may be written off.

We are glad to note that the new Hony. Treasurer is regularly attending the Office and Accounts. Thus we hope the Finances and Accounts may show improvement in the Current Year with better personal attendance.

Yours faithfully,

For M/s. P. N. Bahri & Co., Chartered Accountants,

(Sd.) P. N. Bahri, Partner,

Chartered Accountant.

Wild Life Preservation Society

Balance Sheet as at

Prev. year	LIABILITIES			
		Rs.	nP.	Rs. nP.
	Unpaid Expenses			
	Salaries March 1963 ...	117	09	
	Secretary's Conveyance Allowance Feb. 1963 ...	100	00	
	Printing, Stationery, Newspapers & Magazine			
	Rs. 77.72 nP. Rs. 39.95 nP. ...			
	and Books: Rs. 85/- ...	202	67	
	Rents: Rs. 510/-, and Taxes Rs. 121.25 nP. ...	631	25	
	Printing Charges of CHEETAL ...	1,960	82	
	Press Cutting Bureau ...	79	61	
	Audit Fee ...	100	00	
	Sundry Expenses ...	54	12	
1,797	Due to Assam Regional Branch ...	89	52	3,335 08
	Advance Subscriptions			
	93 Ordinary Members ...	144	00	
	— Educational Members ...	56	00	
	6 Student Members ...	6	00	
	23 Professional Members ...	—	—	
182	60 Affiliated and Institutional ...	—	—	206 00
—	Advances for Cartridges ...			
				377 00
1,071	Corbett Prize Fund			
	As per last Balance Sheet ...			1,071 22
—	<i>Suspense:</i> (Pending Adjustments) ...			37 00
—	Donation from H.H. Nabha for I.U.C.N. & R.R.			250 00
	Society Fund			
	9,269 Balance as per last Balance Sheet ...	8,719	03	
	Add: <i>Donation</i> by H.H. The Maharaja of Nabha Tie Receipts: 63.75			
	491 Stock as on 31-3-63 (Contra) 138.54 ...	202	29	
	<i>Life Membership Fee:</i> (Includes one Ordinary Membership converted into			
	2,050 Life Membership) ...	718	00	
	1,180 <i>Entrance Fee:</i> ...	160	00	
	— <i>Patron Membership Fee:</i> (H.H. Bharatpur) ...	500	00	
	12,990	10,299	32	
8,719	4,271 <i>Less:</i> Deficit as per Income and Expenditure Account ...	5,438	94	4,860 38
11,769	Total Rs. ...			10,136 68

15, Rajpur Road, Dehra Dun
Dated 9th July, 1963.

of India, Dehra Dun.

31st March, 1963.

Prev. year	ASSETS			
		Rs.	nP.	Rs. nP.
	Office Furniture and Equipment (at Cost)			
	As per last Balance Sheet	395	00	
395	Less: Depreciation for the year	39	00	356 00
	Snakes and Ladders: (at Cost)			
383	As per last Balance Sheet			383 00
	Outstandings:			
	93 Dues for CHEETAL Supplied	135	00	
	11 Greeting Cards	—	—	
	753 Subscriptions due from Members	371	00	
977	120 Due for Fishing Permit Fees	20	00	526 00
	Advances to Staff			
	Due by Mr. T.R. Bletty	65	50	
47	„ on A/C of Postage Bal. on 31-3-1963	110	83	176 33
	Stock in Hand: (As Valued by Hony. Secy.)			
	1,170 Journal CHEETAL	745	50	
	796 Greeting Cards and Pads	751	50	
1,966	— Ties and Buttons (Contra)	138	54	1,635 54
50	Recoverable for Registration Fee Excess Deposited			50 00
	Security Deposits: Electric	40	00	
60	Water	20	00	60* 00
	Cash and Bank Balances			
	<i>Fixed Deposits with Central Bank of India Ltd., Dehra Dun. (Includes Corbett Prize Fund)</i>	6,130	64	
7,891	<i>Current Account with Central Bank of India Ltd., Dehra Dun</i>	819	17	6,949 81
11,769	Total Rs. ...			10,136 68

As per our separate report of even date addressed to the Members of the Executive Committee.
For M/s. P.N. Bahri & Co., Chartered Accountants,
Sd. P.N. Bahri, Partner, Chartered Accountant.

Wild Life Preservation Society

Income and Expenditure Account for the

Prev. year	EXPENDITURE				
			Rs.	nP.	Rs. nP.
1,535	To Salaries	...	1,478	92	
100	„ Medical Allowance to Staff	...	—	—	
1,200	„ Hony. Secretary's Conveyance Allowance	...	1,100	00	
188	„ Advertisement and Publicity	...	100	61	
521	„ Postage and Telegrams	...	239	61	
454	„ Printing and Stationery	...	135	29	
753	„ Rent and Taxes	...	947	75	
	Rs. 840.00 Rs. 107.75				
102	„ Electricity Charges	...	87	32	
80	„ Entertainments	...	79	15	
125	„ Conveyance Allowance to Staff	...	110	00	
203	„ Contribution to Assam Regional Branch	...	117	32	
13	„ Magazine and Books	...	124	95	
255	„ Miscellaneous Expenses	...	59	49	
82	„ Bank Charges and Exchange	...	35	63	
100	„ Audit Fee	...	100	00	4,716 04
5,711					
	„ Journal Publication Cheetal				
	Opening Stock on 1-4-1962	...	1,170	00	
	Printing Charges	...	2,960	82	
			4,130	82	
	Less: Sales and Subscriptions	... 152.34			
	Add: Outstanding on 31-3-63	... 135.00			
		287.34			
	Less: Outstanding on 1-4-62	... 93.00			
		194.34			
2,292	Add: Stock in hand on 31-3-63	... 745.50	939	84	3,190 98
	„ Fishing Account				
	Lease Rent	... 175.00			
	Salaries and Other Expenses	... 246.02	421	02	
	Less: Fishing Permit Fees received	244.00			
	Fishing Permit Outstanding on 31-3-63	... 20.00	264	00	157 02
588	„ Bad Debts written off:				— —
43	„ Depreciation written off on Office Furniture and Equipment	...			39 00
8,634	Total Rs.	...			8,103 04

15, Rajpur Road, Dehra Dun

Dated July 9, 1963.

of India, Dehra Dun.
year ending 31st March, 1963.

Prev. year	INCOME		Rs.	nP.	Rs.	nP.
	By Subscription Receipts					
	Ordinary Members	...	1,450	00		
	Family Members	...	24	00		
	Institutional and Affiliated	...	480	00		
	Professional Members	...	120	00		
	Educational Members	...	128	00		
	Student Members	...	564	00		
			2,766	00		
	Add: Advances Received: Last year Adjusted	...	182	00		
	,, Outstanding on 31-3-63 (less considered doubtful)	...				
	Ordinary Members	... 300.00				
	Educational Members	... 30.00				
	Professional Members	... 41.00	371	00		
			3,319	00		
	Less: Subscriptions received in Advance					
	Carried over	...				
	Ordinary Members	... 144.00				
	Educational Members	... 56.00				
	Student Members	... 6.00				
4,050		206.00				
	Less: Outstandings on 1-4-62	... 753.00	959	00	2,360	00
	,, Pads, Covers and Greeting Cards					
	Sales	...	206	50		
	Stock in hand on 31-3-1963	...	751	50		
			958	00		
	Less: Opening Stock on 1-4-62	... 795.50				
	,, Expenditure during the year...	102.50				
		898.00				
15	,, Due for G. Cards on 1-4-62	... 11.00	909	00	49	00
96	,, Fishing Account					
202	,, Interest on Fixed Deposits				255	10
4,271	,, Deficit Carried to Balance Sheet	...			5,438	94
8,634	Total Rs.	...			8,103	04

As per our report on the Balance Sheet annexed
For M/s. P.N. Bahri & Co., Chartered Accountants,
(Sd.) P.N. Bahri, Partner, Chartered Accountant.

Wild Life Preservation Society of India

Estimate of Income and Expenditure for the Year 1963-64

as approved by the Executive Committee

EXPENDITURE		INCOME	
	Rs. nP.		Rs. nP.
Salaries	1500.00	Cheetal A/C	
Advertisement and Publicity	100.00	Printing	2,500.00
Postage and Telegrams	400.00		
Printing and Stationery	300.00	<i>Less:</i>	
Rent	840.00	Advertisements	150.00
Electric and Water	80.00	Sales	500.00
Conservancy	60.00		650.00
Entertainment	80.00		
Conveyance to Peon	60.00		1,850.00
Contribution to Assam Branch	100.00		
Magazines and Books	100.00		
Miscellaneous	100.00		
Bank Charges	50.00		
Audit Fee	100.00		
	<u>3,870.00</u>		
Cheetal Expenses	1,850.00		
Outstanding Bills	3,365.47		
	<u>9,085.47</u>		
		Patrons	1,000.00
		Life Members	800.00
		Ord. Members	1,500.00
		Family Members	24.00
		Inst. and Aff.	500.00
		Professional	120.00
		Educational	120.00
		Students	500.00
		Pads, Covers, Buttons and Ties	150.00
		Interest on Fixed Deposits	160.00
		Encashment of Fixed Deposits	1,907.52
			<u>6,781.52</u>
		Deficit	2,303.95
			<u>9,085.47</u>

Wild Life Preservation Society of India

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